

CANDY

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
SM
★
A

AUTUMN
ISSUE

10¢

LOOK, TED, MY
FIRST PUMPKIN
PIE!

OH, CANDY,
NO!



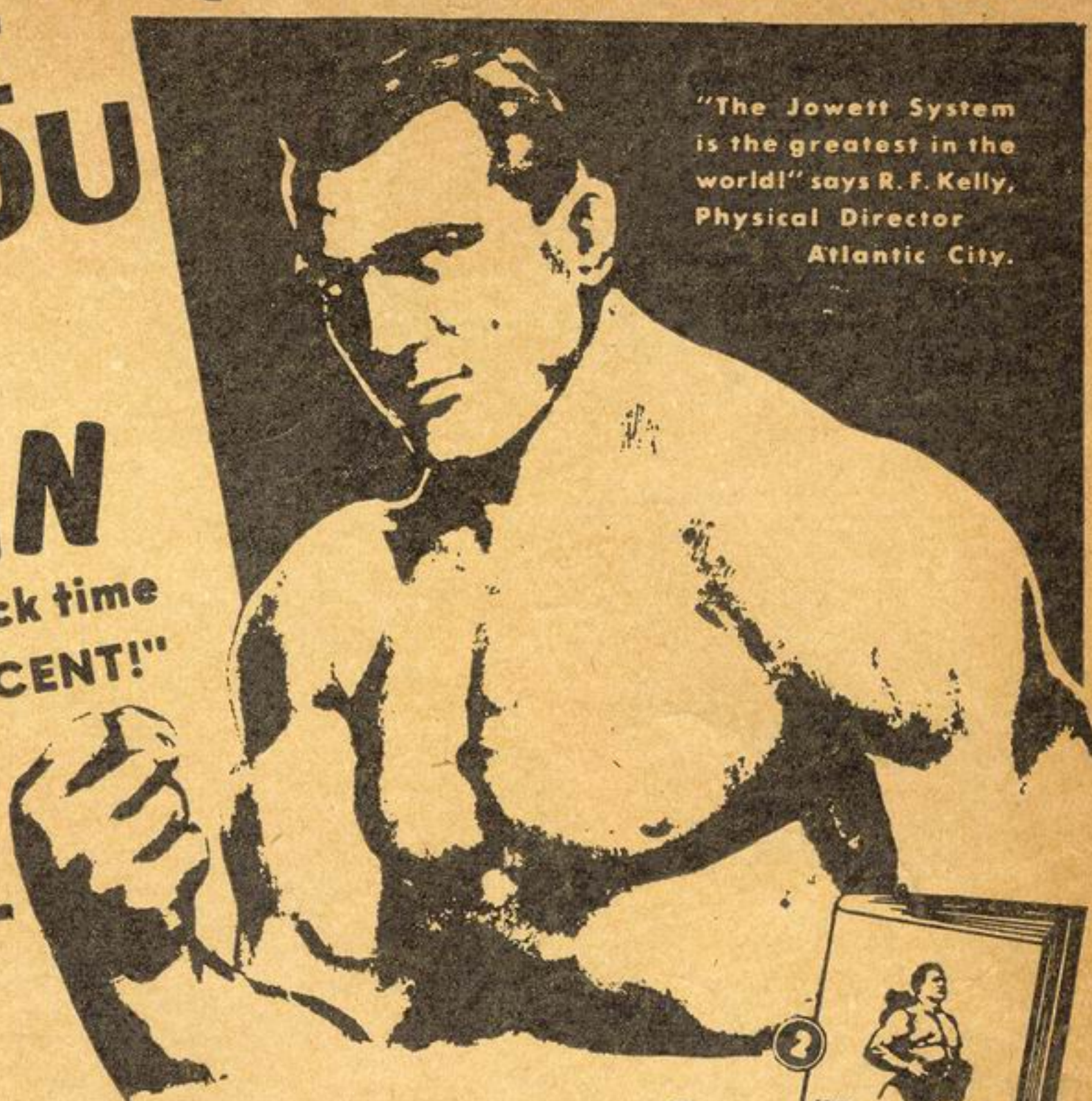


WEB COMIC
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WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

Let me **PROVE**
I can make **YOU**
TOUGH AS
TARZAN

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!
says *George F. Jowett*
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
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I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, hand-somest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

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This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.**

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YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
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NOW in BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
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At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

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Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

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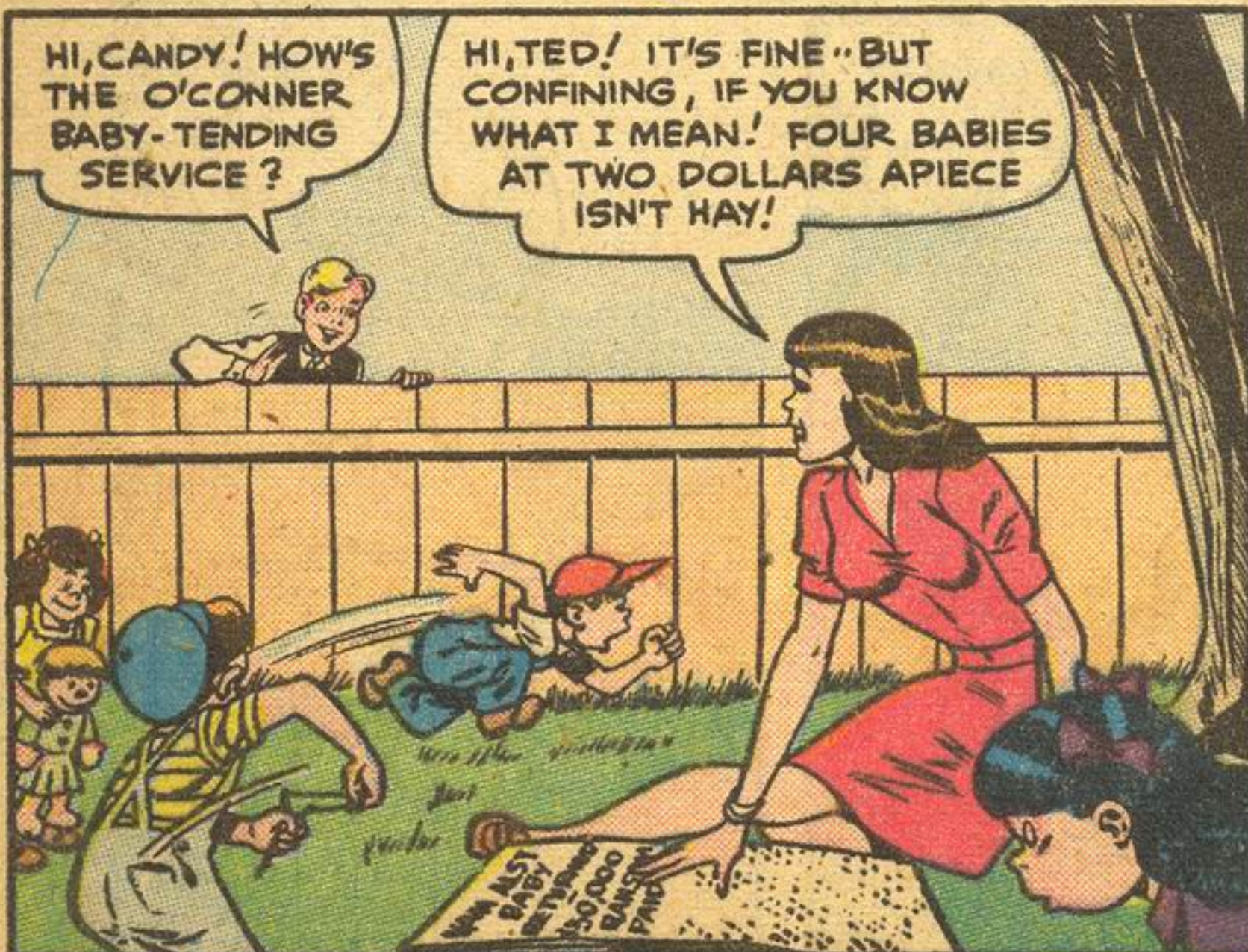
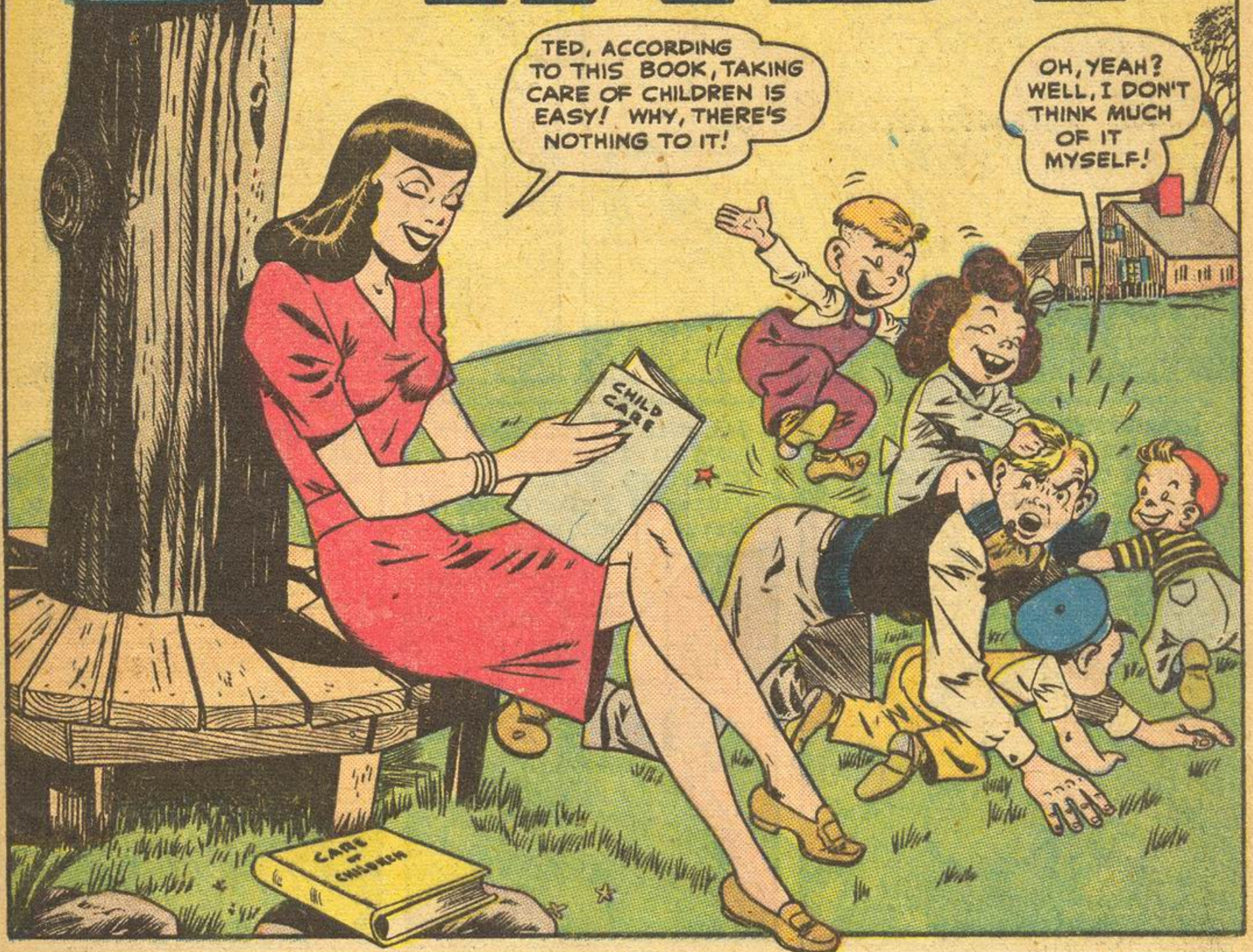
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. sent C.O.D. | |

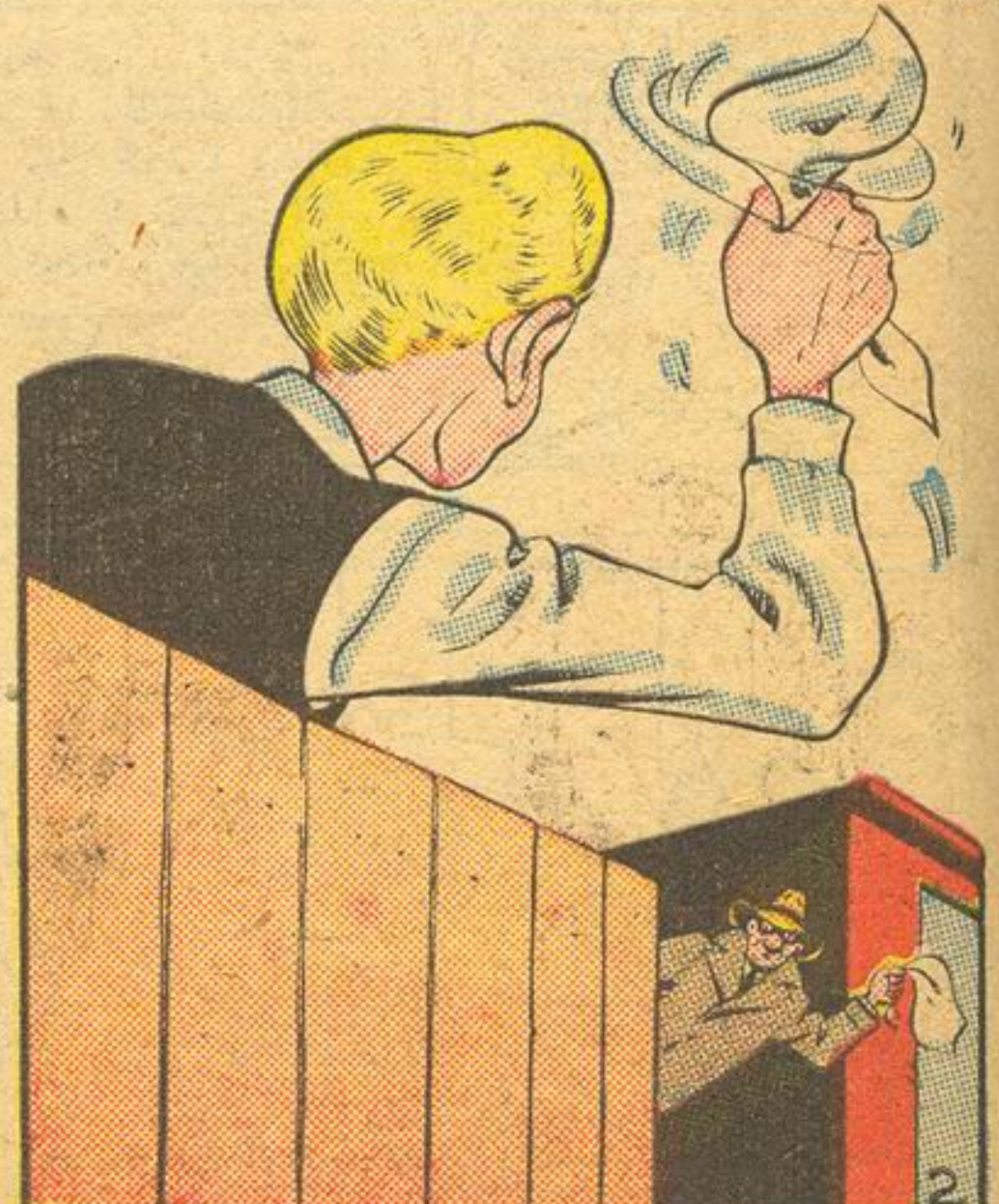
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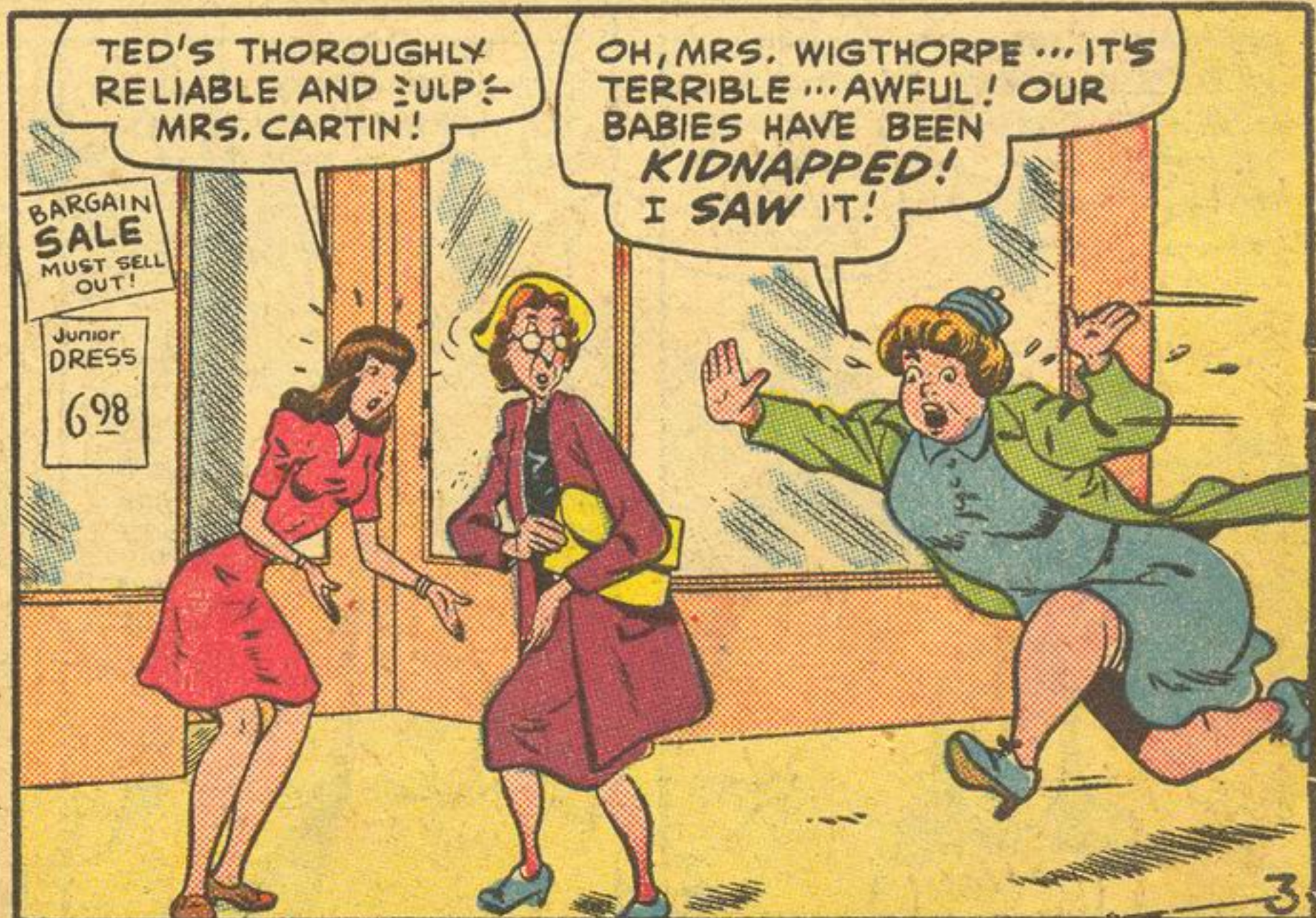
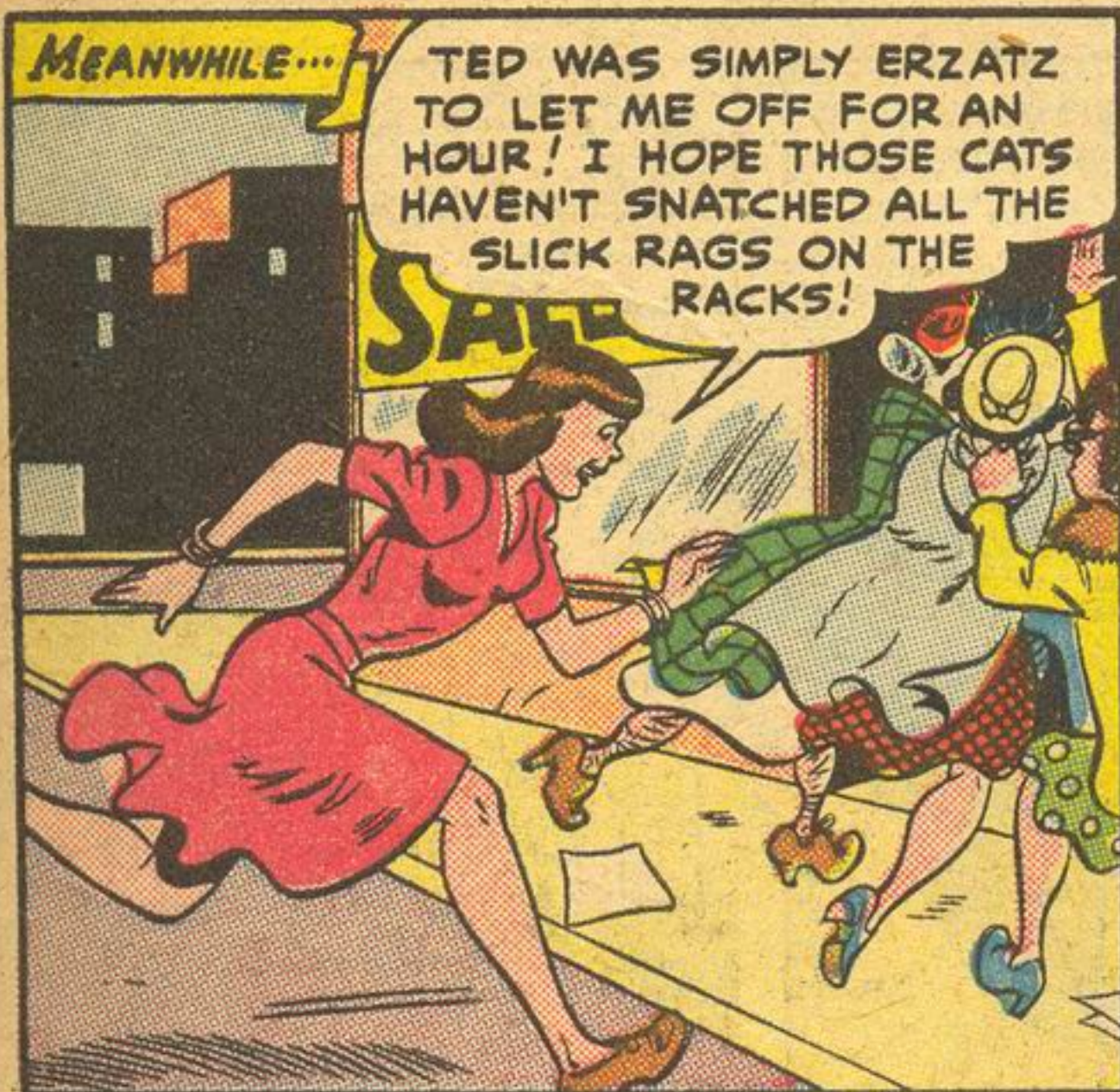
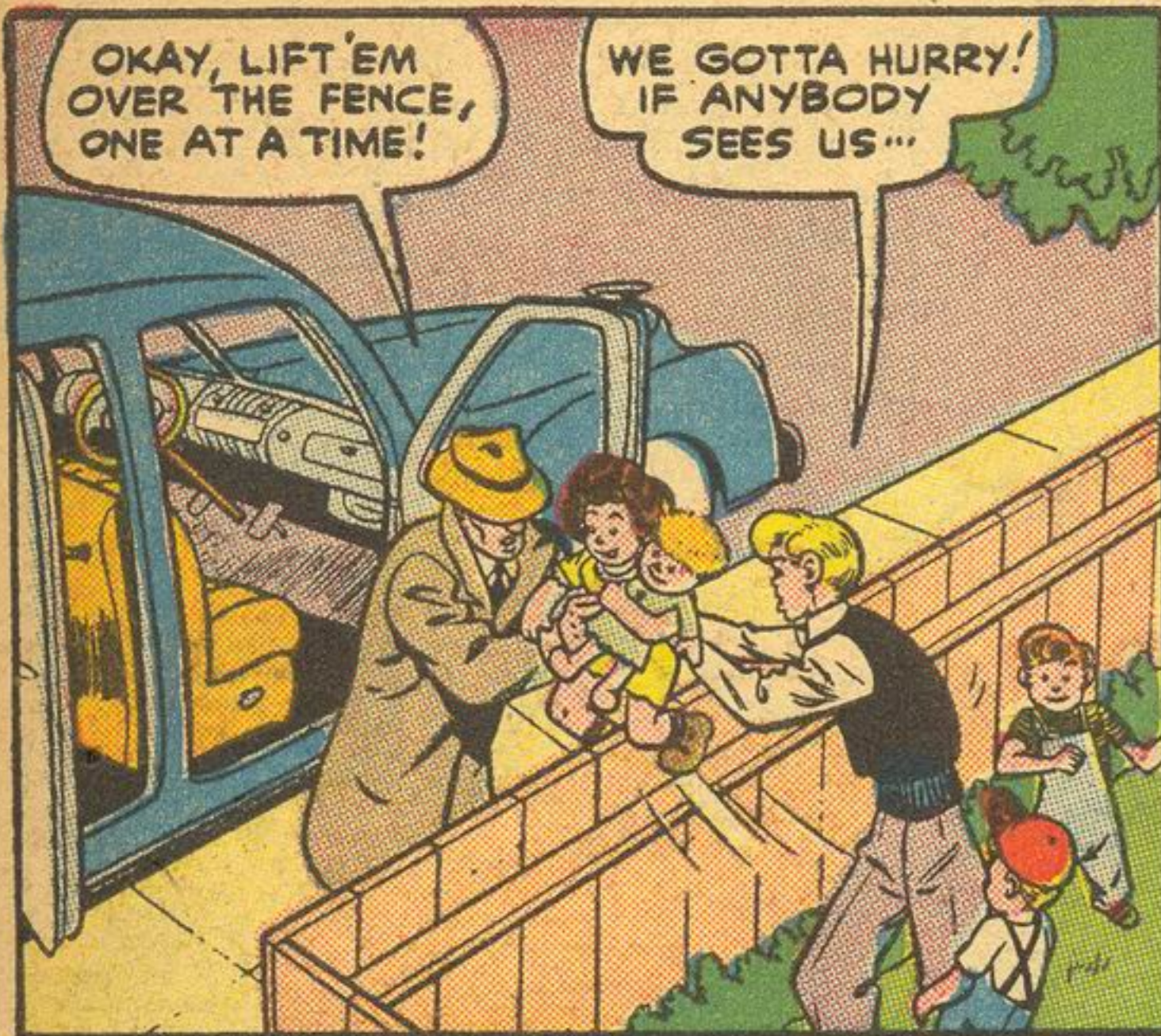
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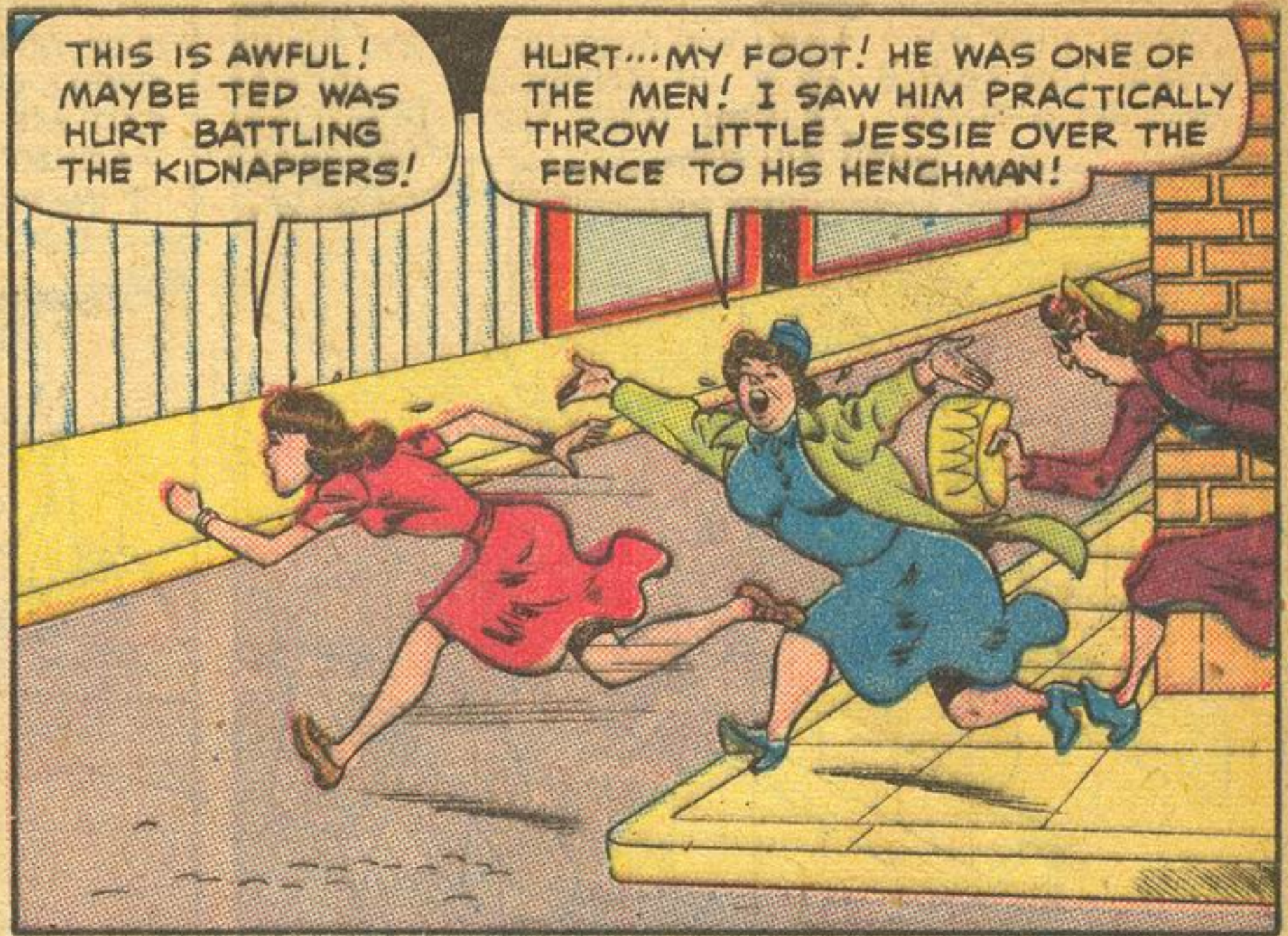
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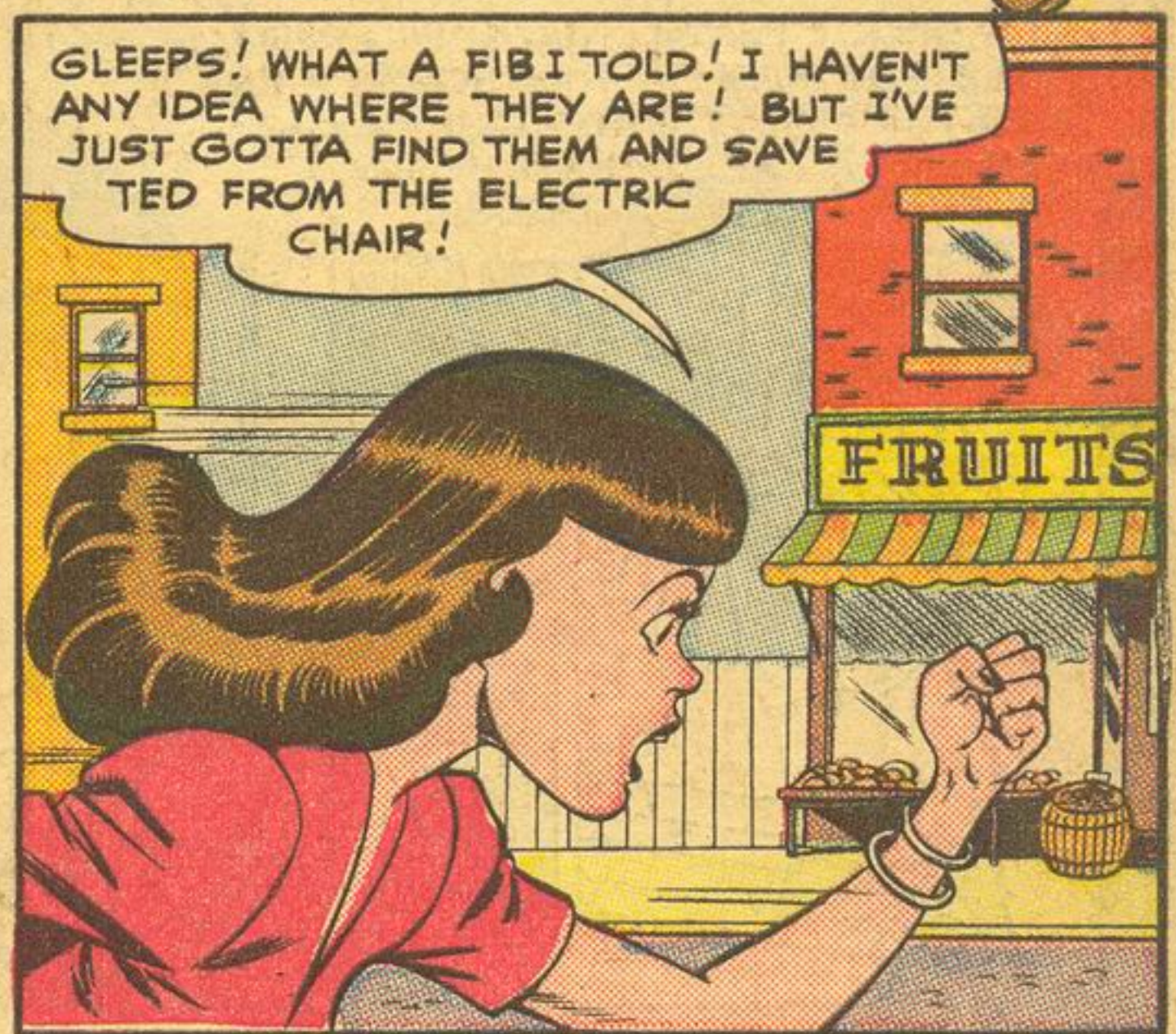
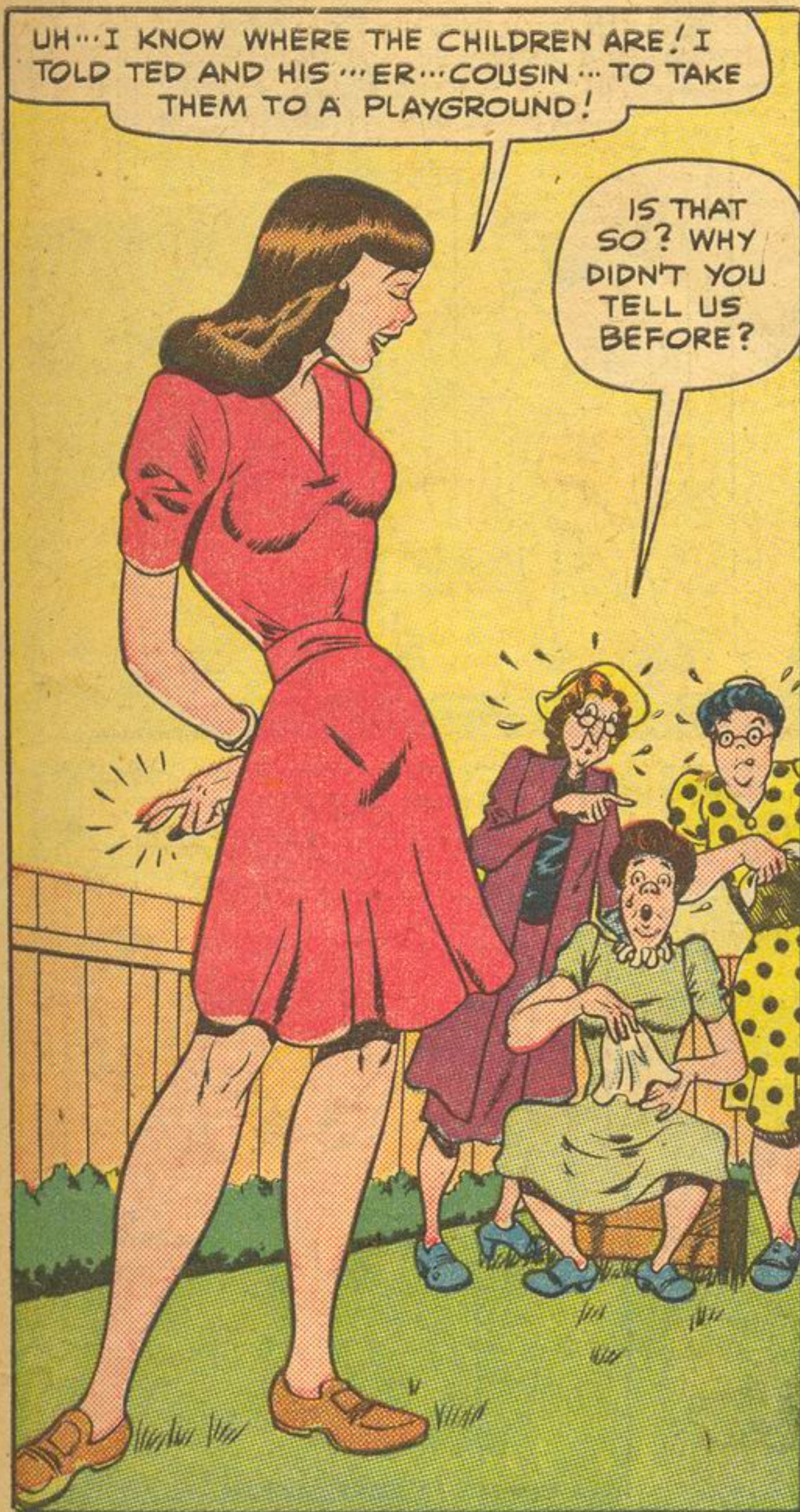


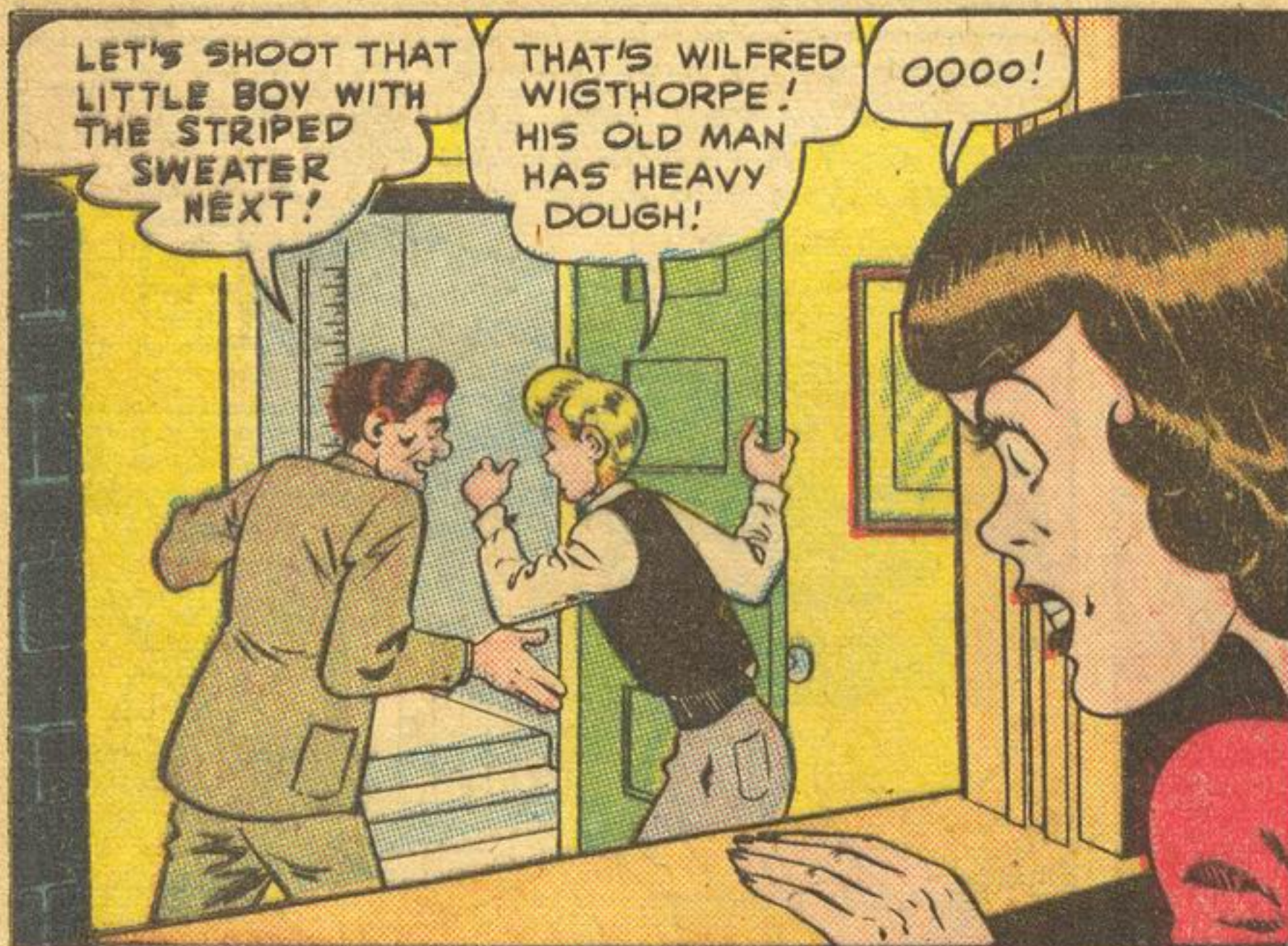
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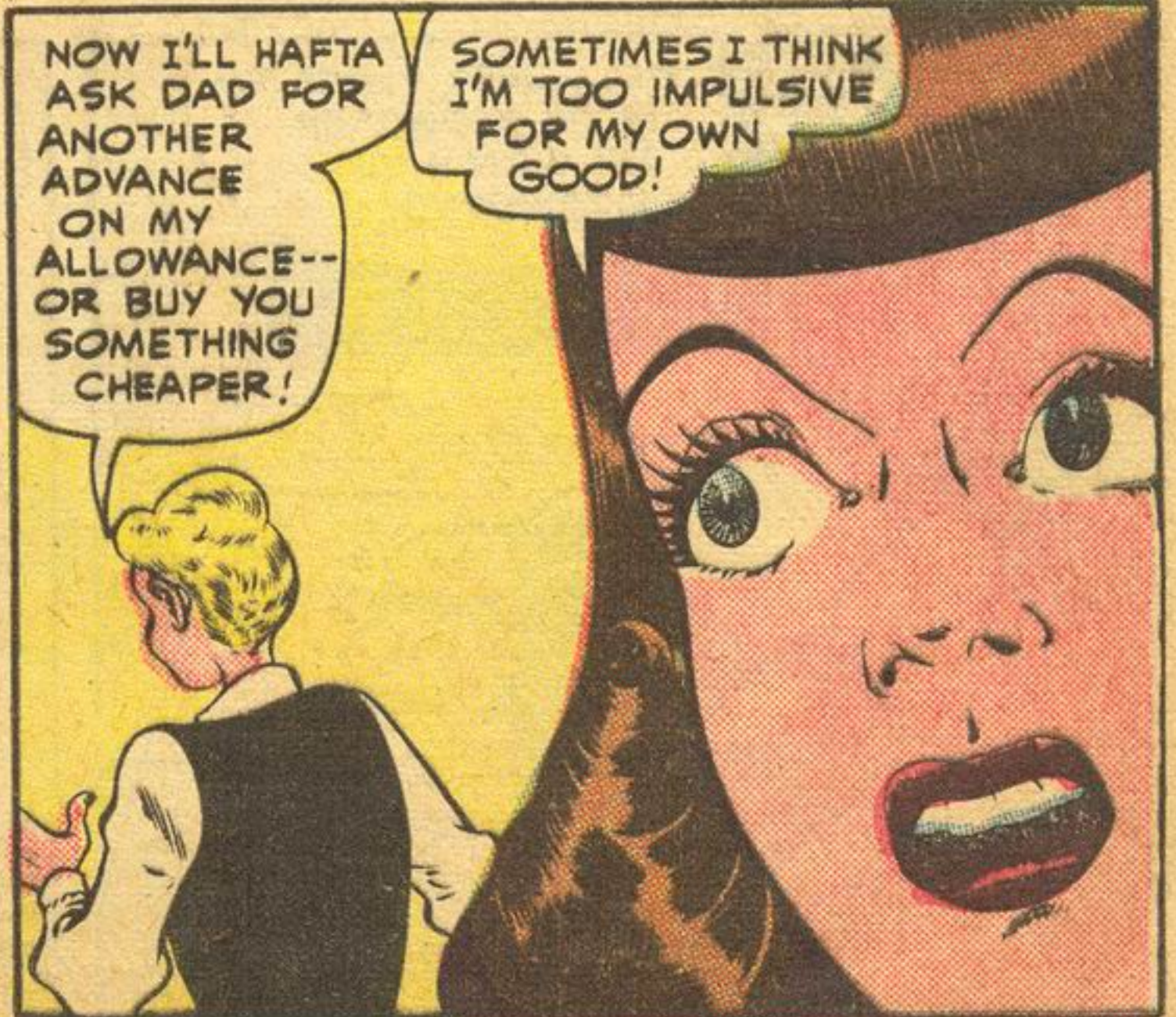
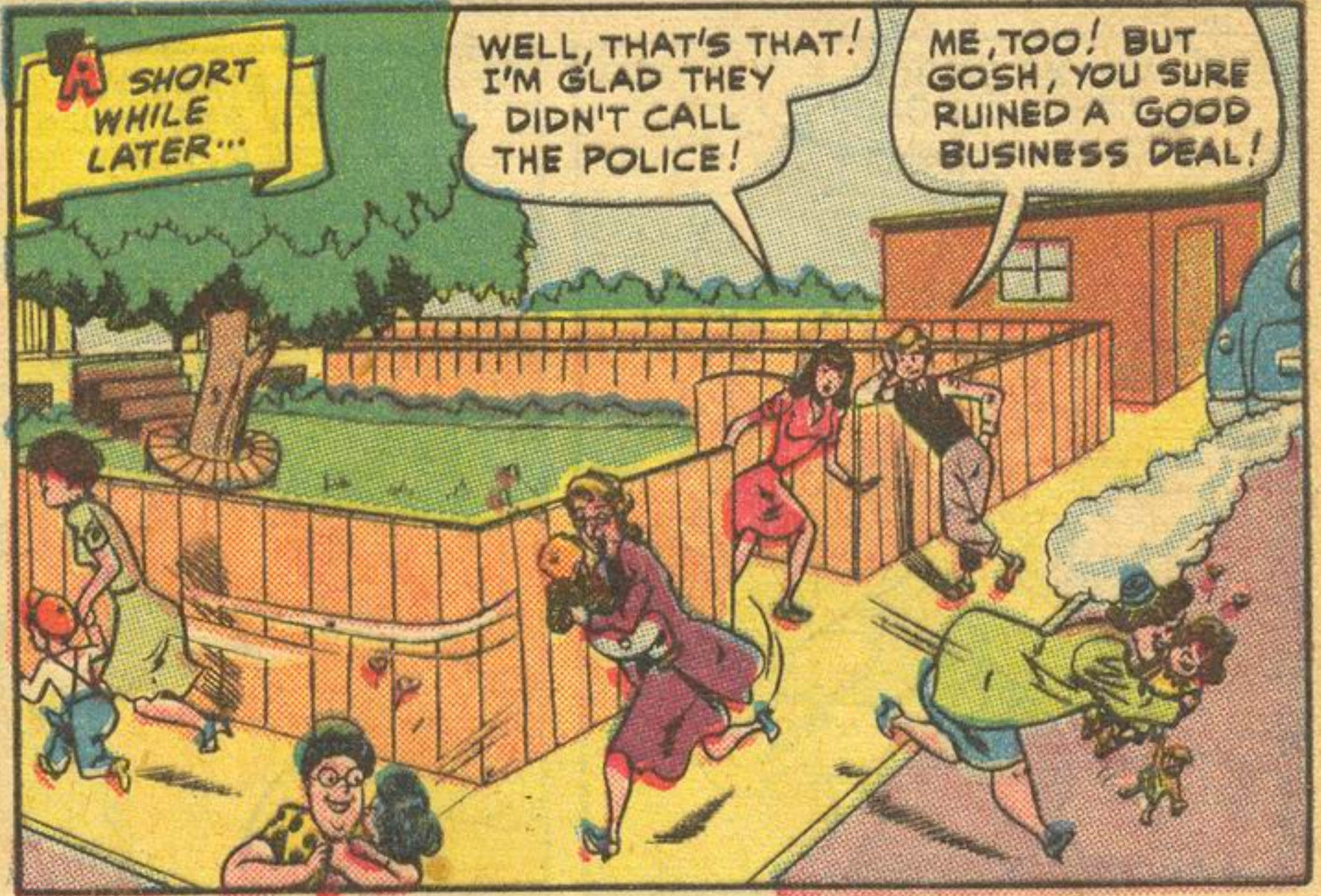


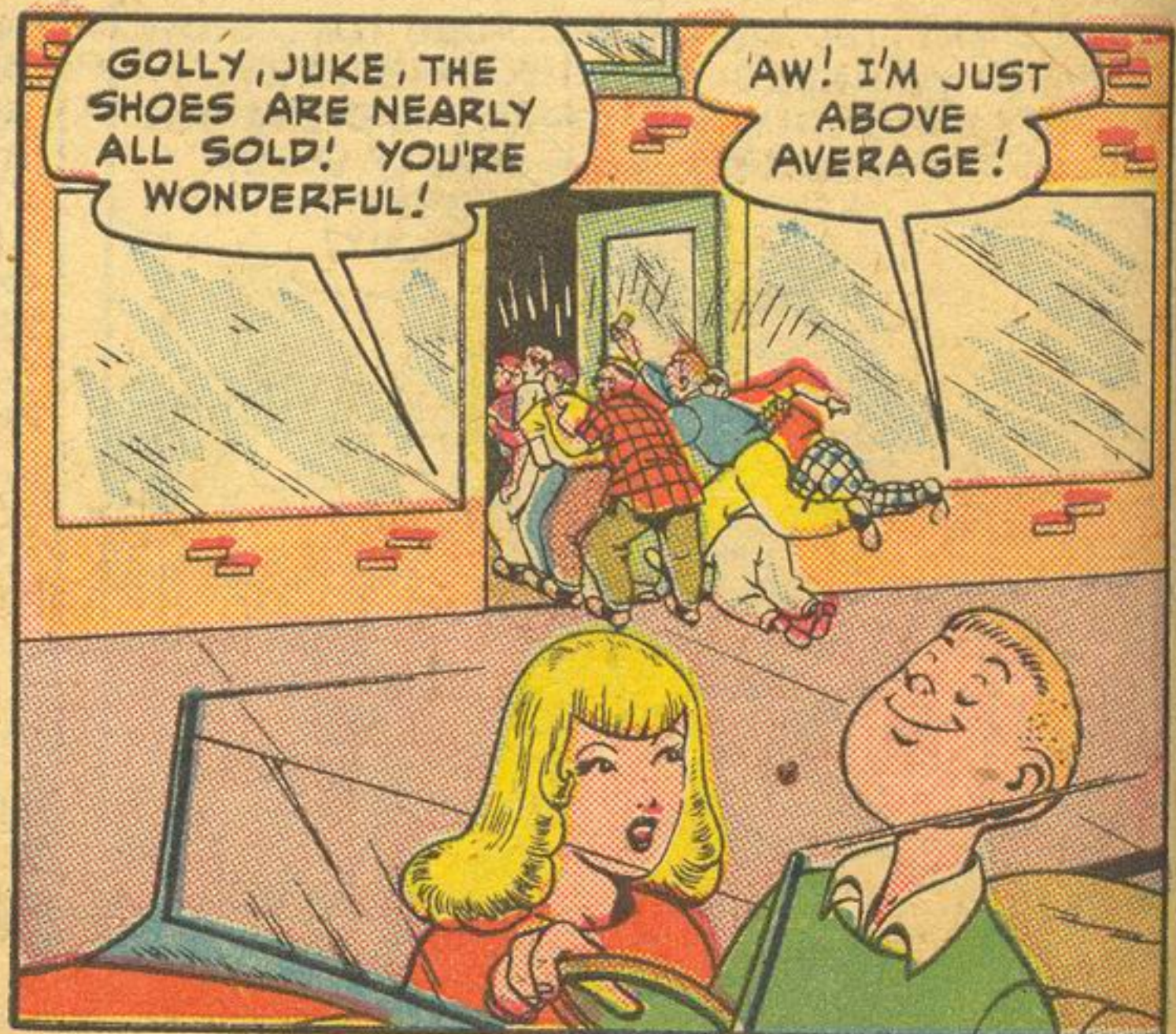
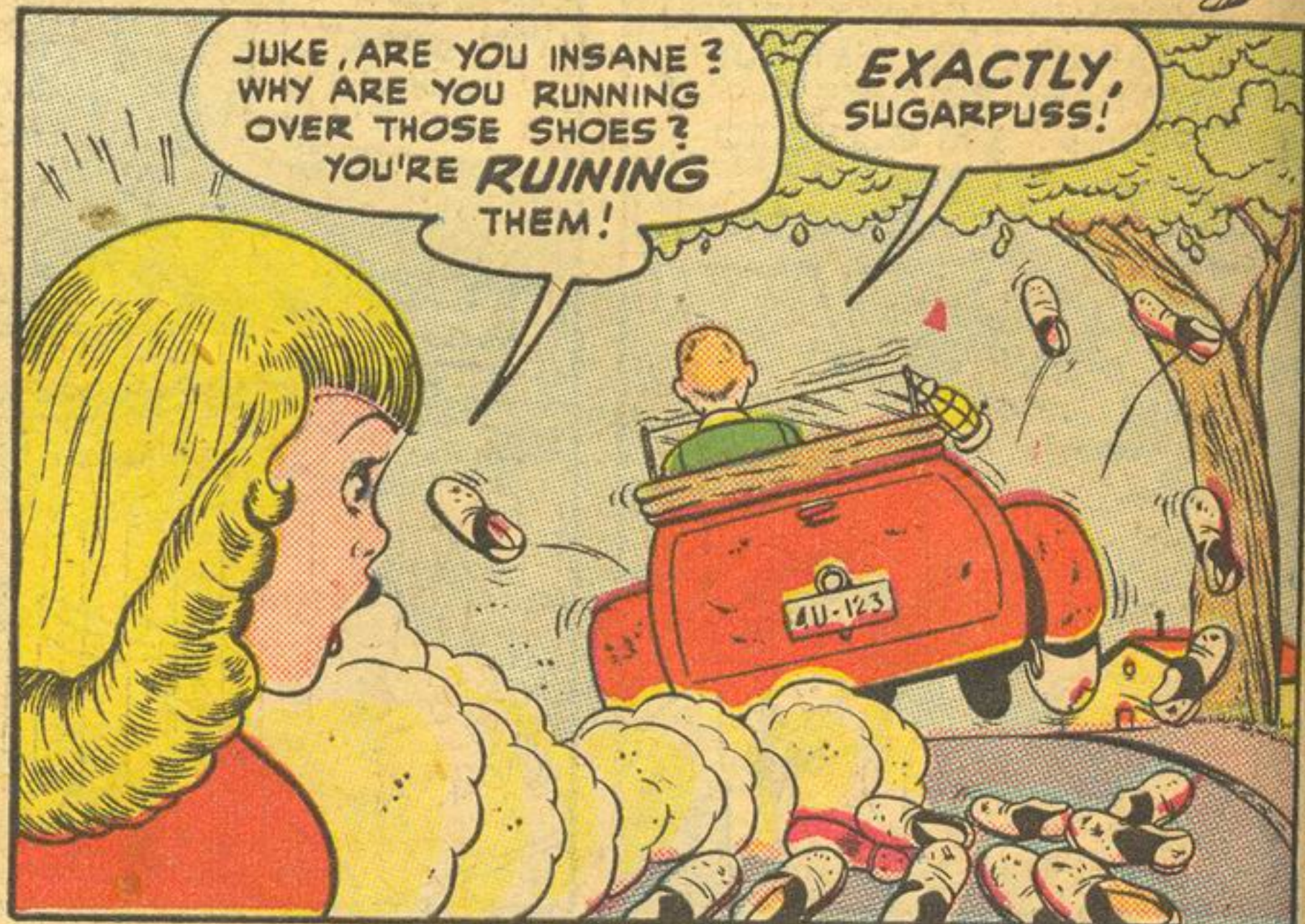
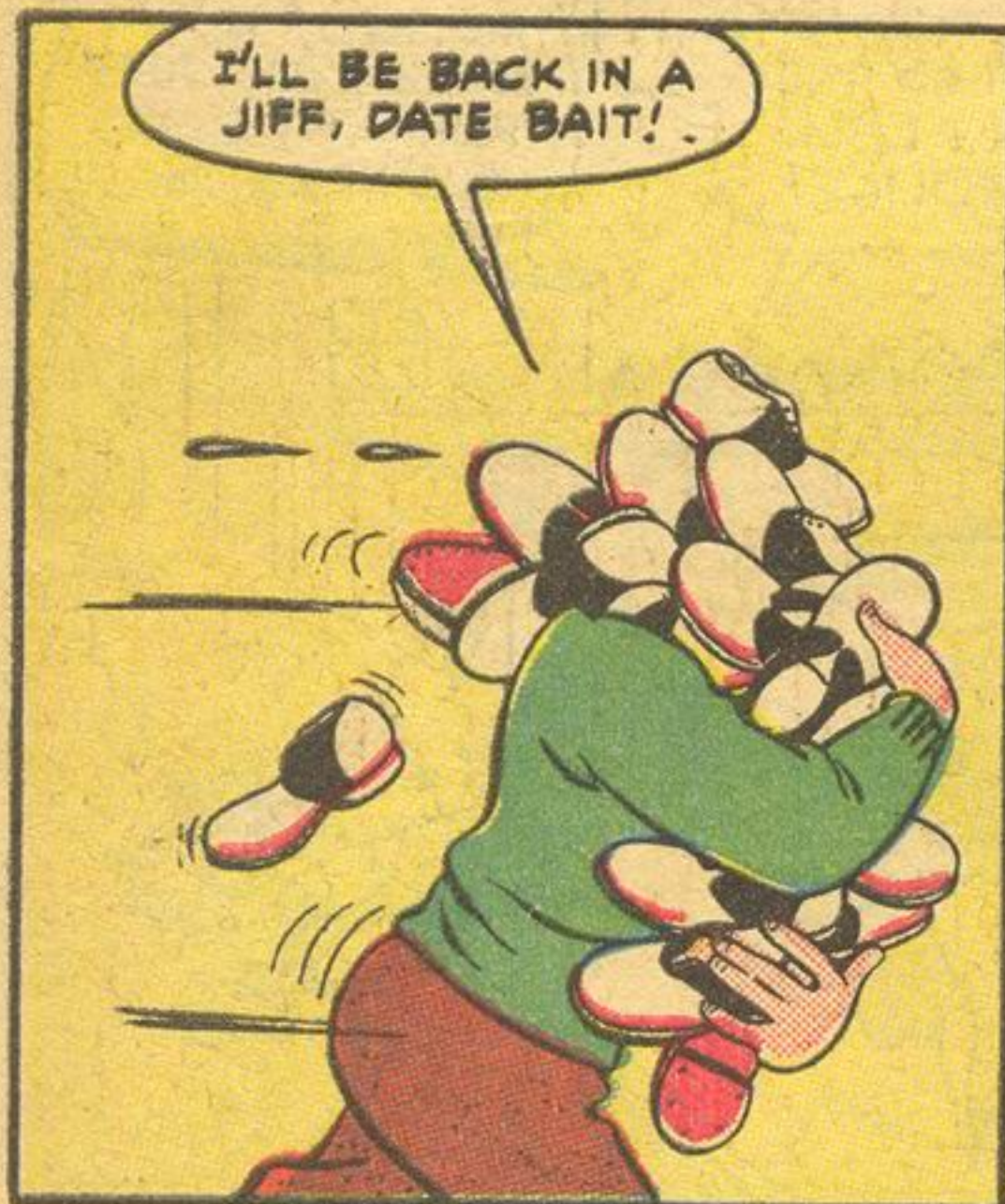
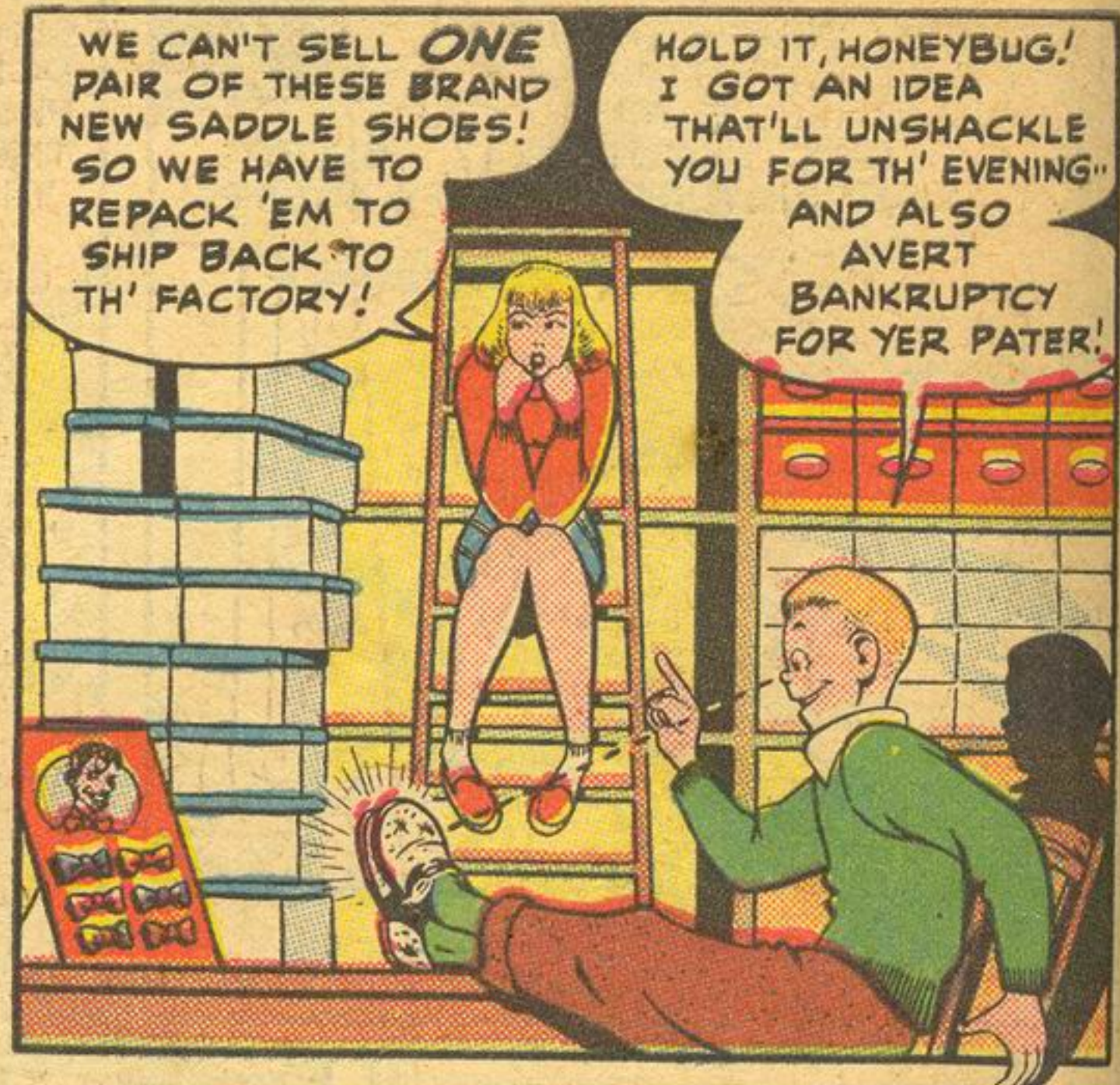
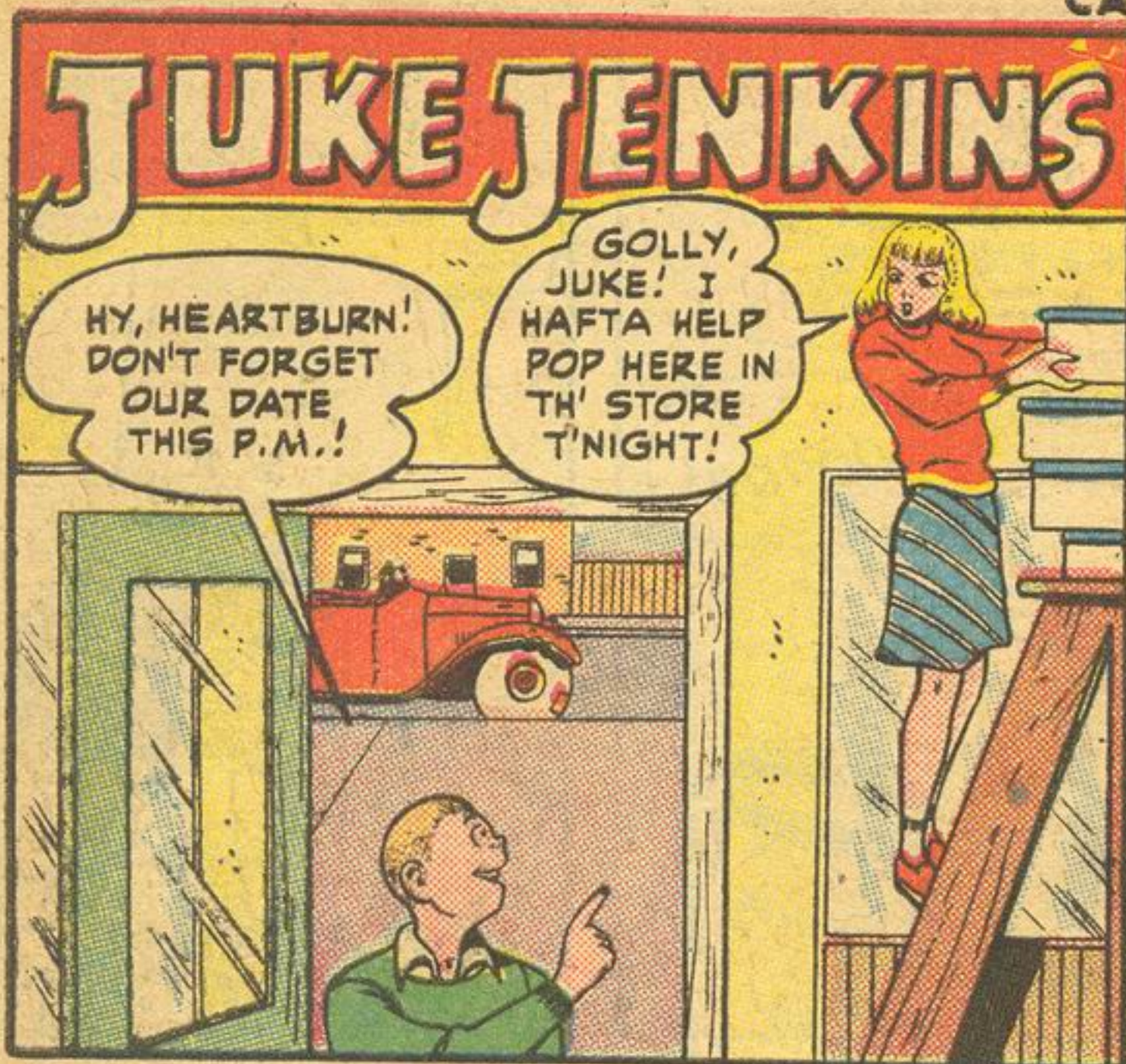






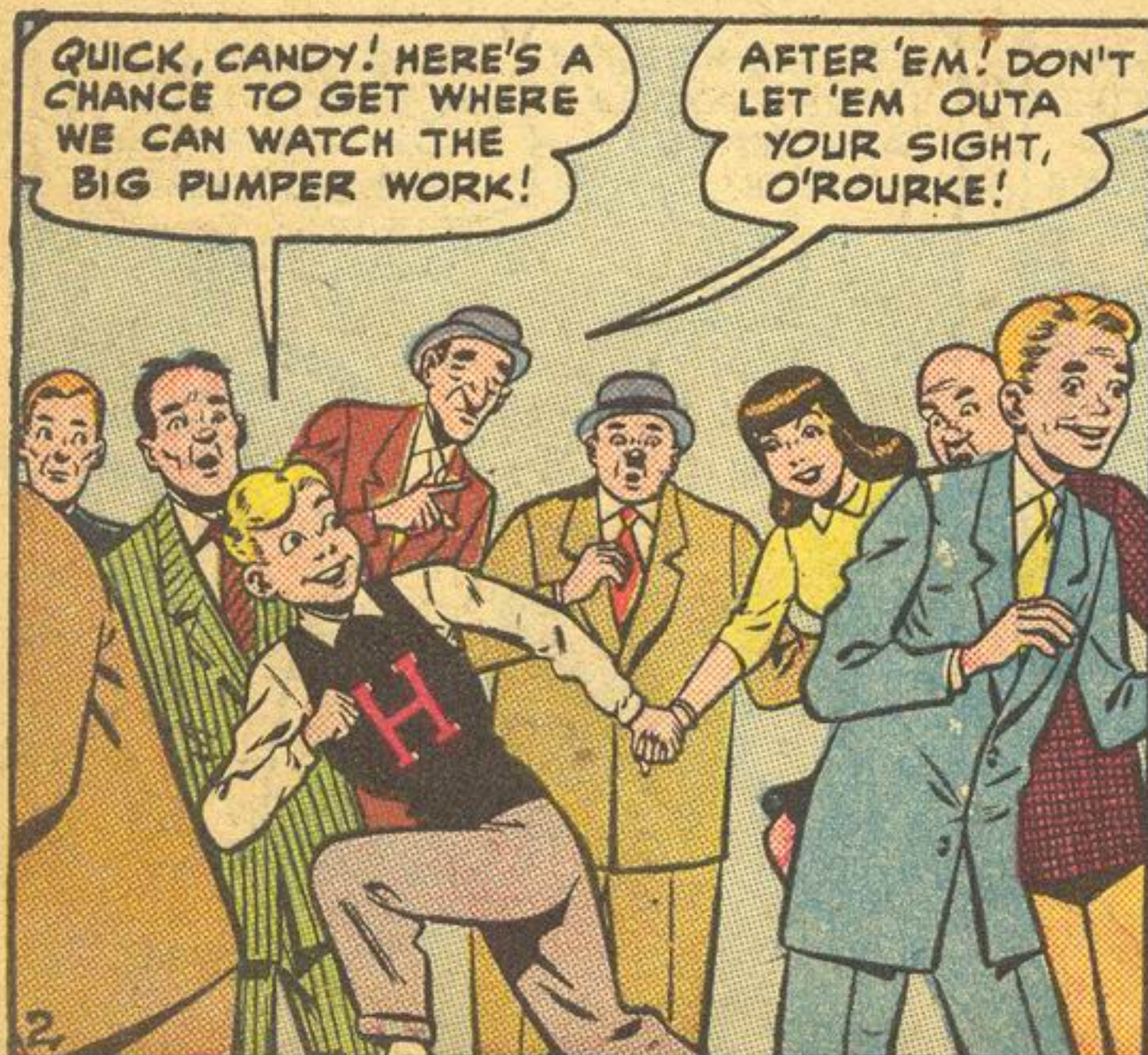
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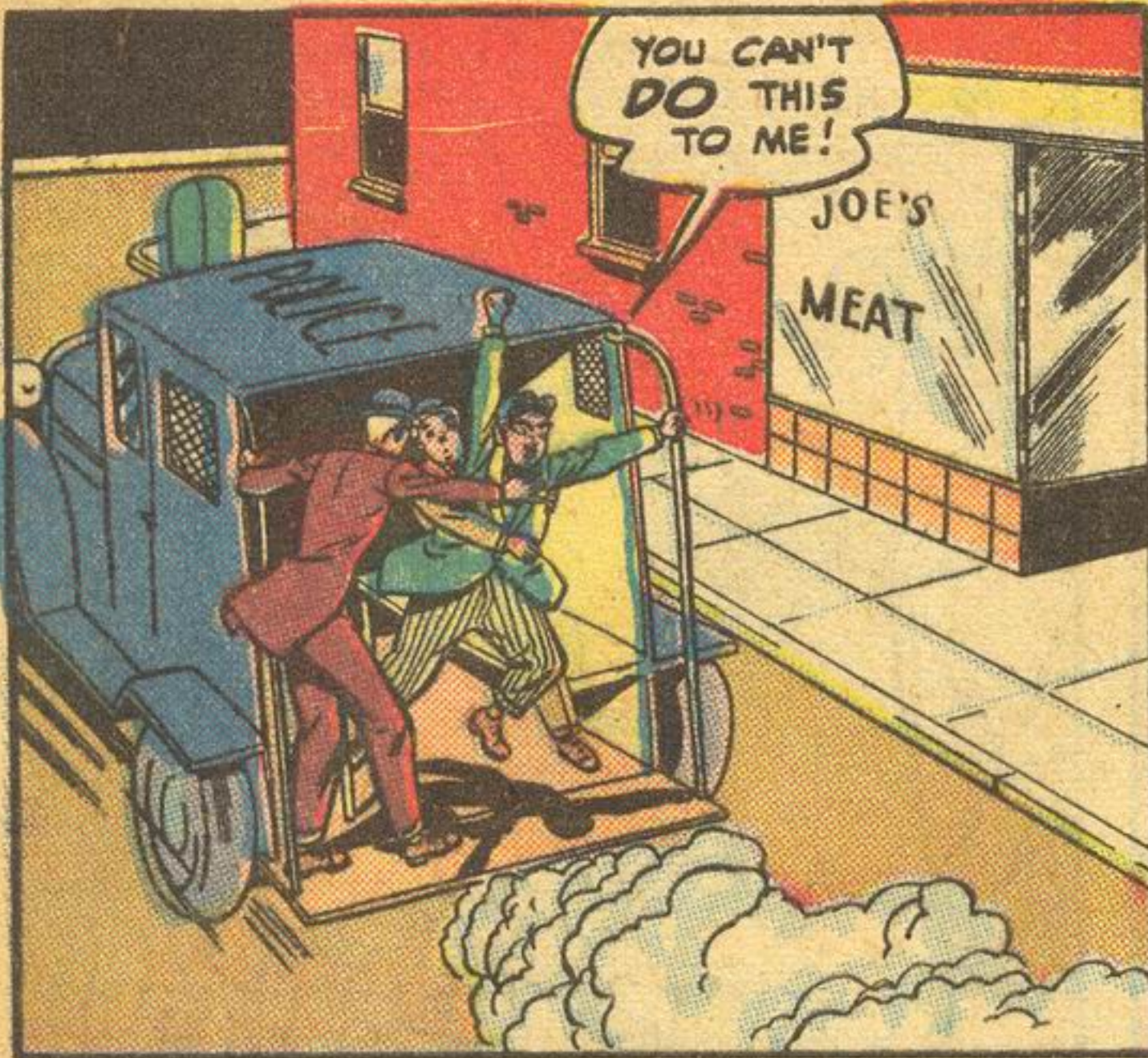


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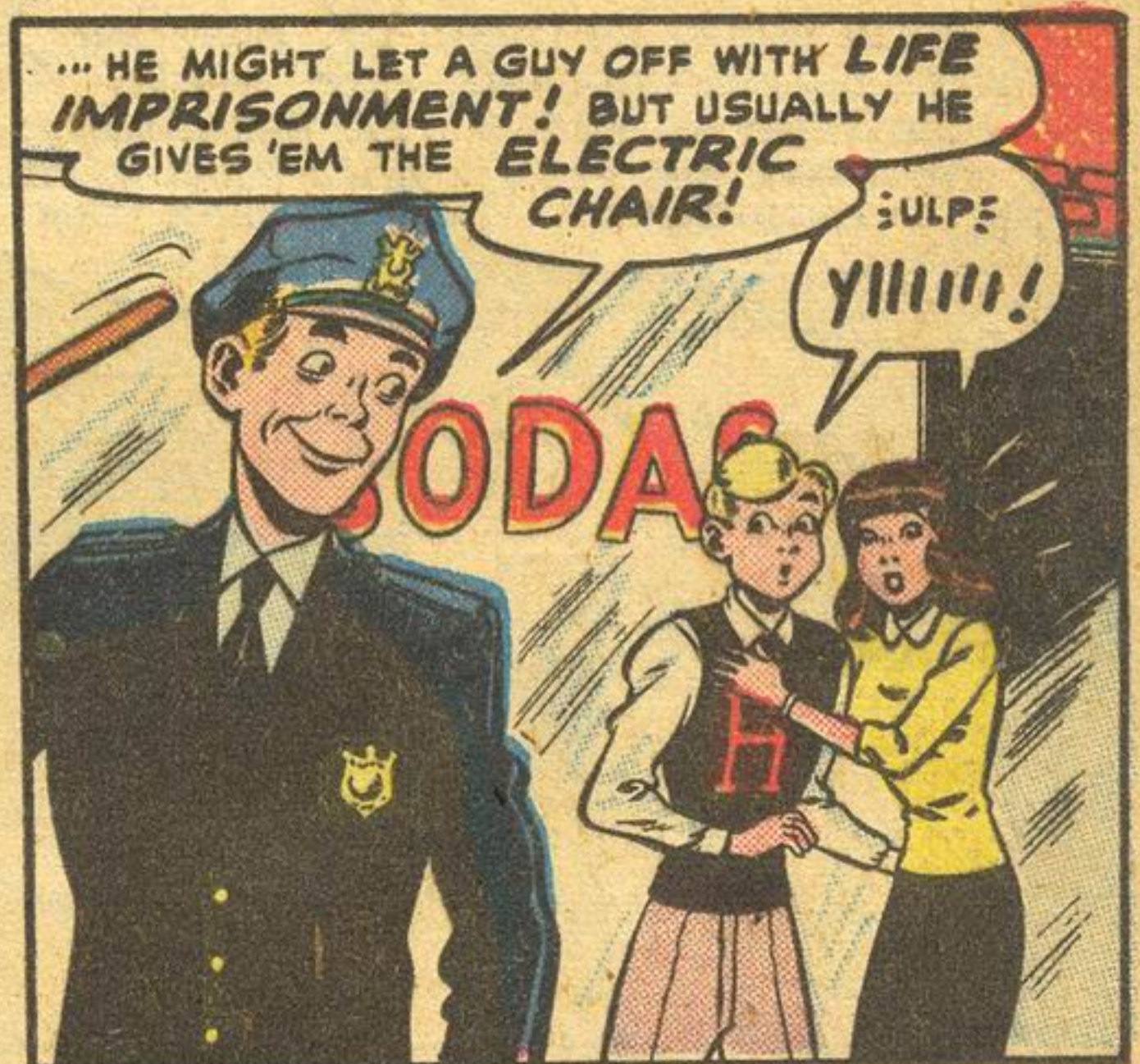








CANDY





Later...

IT'S GRUESOME, CANDY! OUR ONLY HOPE WOULD BE TO CATCH THE FIREBUG... AND THAT'S HOPELESS!

WE'VE GOT TO DO THE GULP! NEXT BEST THING, TED!



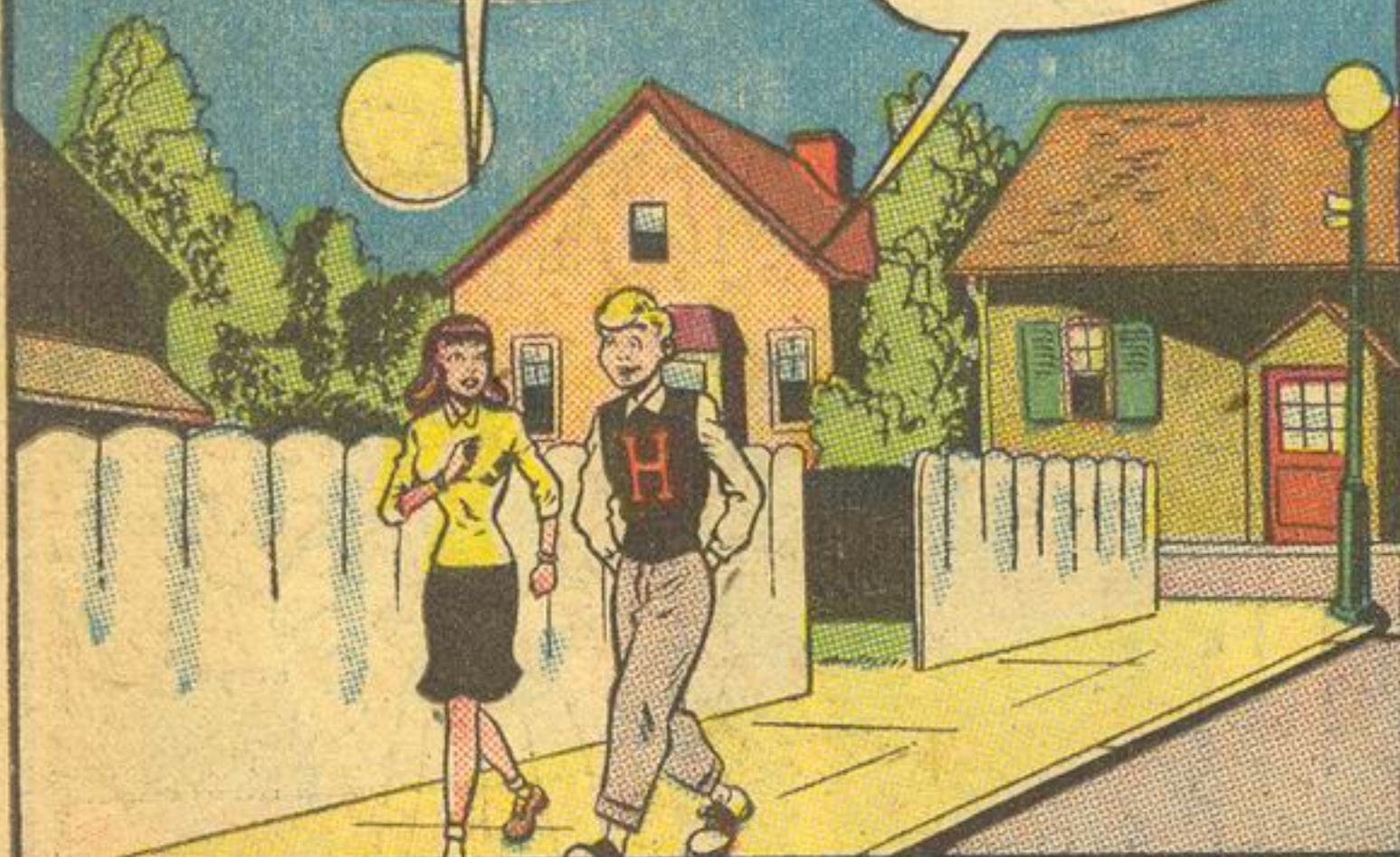
YOU KNOW WHAT THAT POLICEMAN SAID! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE JUDGE AMES FEEL IN A GOOD MOOD SO HE'LL GIVE DAD ONLY LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

THEN YOU COULD SEE HIM VISITOR'S DAY! BUT HOW...



I KNOW WHERE HE LIVES! WE'LL GO AROUND AND SEE WHAT HE NEEDS TO MAKE HIM FEEL CHEERFUL!

BUZZ ME AGAIN, BREATHLESS! I DON'T QUITE COLAX YOUR JIVE!



SIMPLE, TED! IF HE HAS A FLOWER GARDEN, WE'LL KNOW HE LOVES FLOWERS!

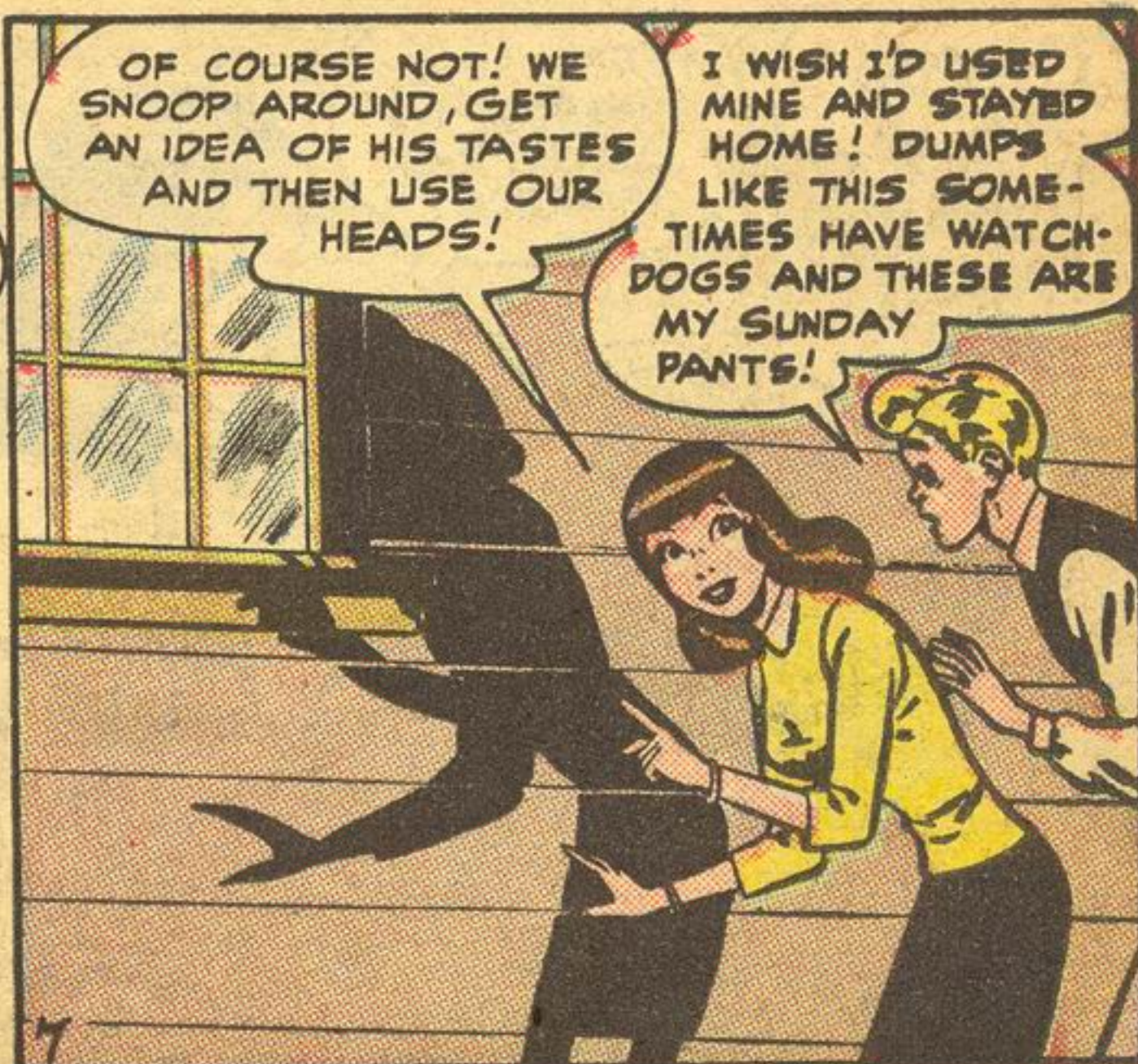
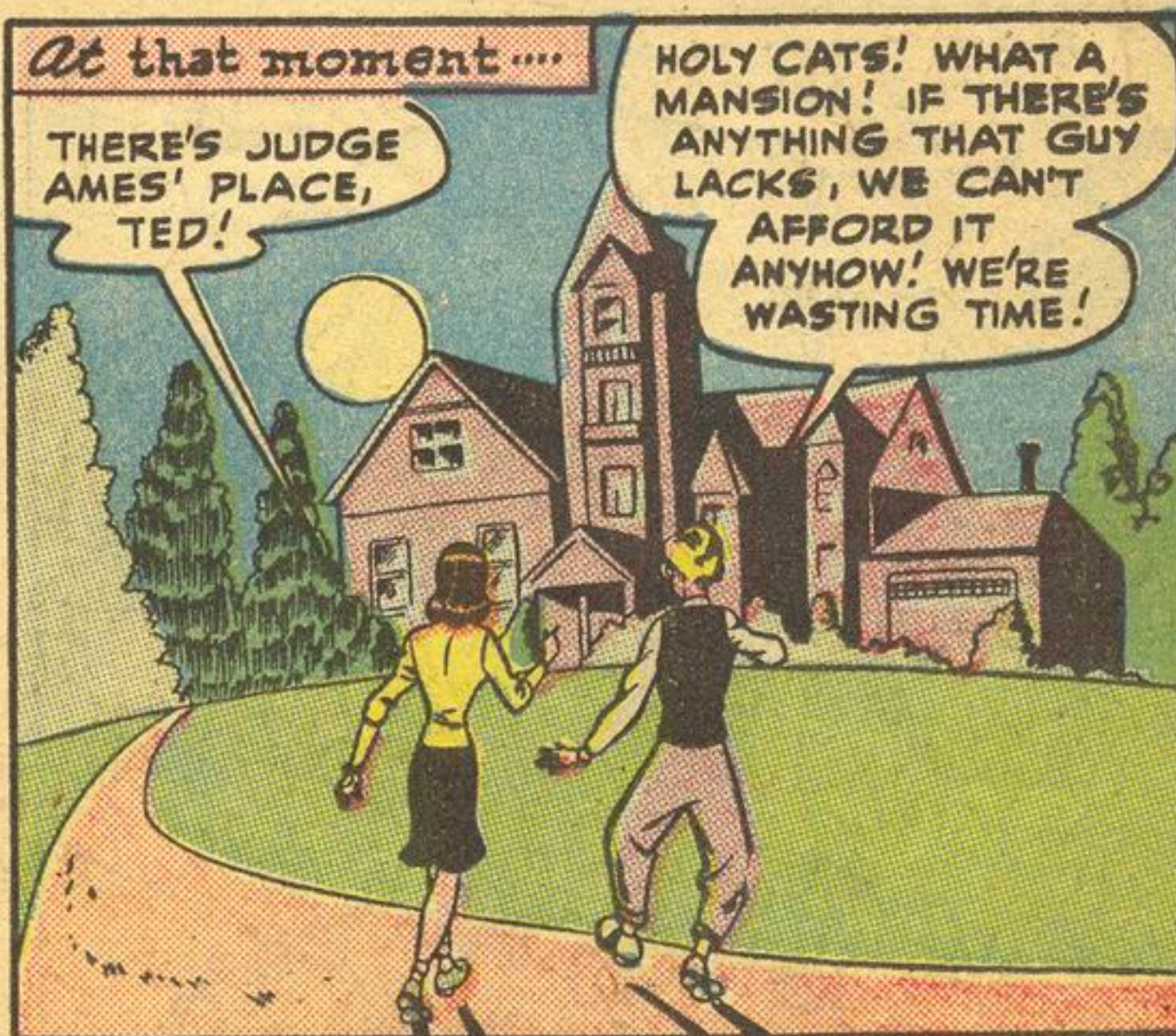
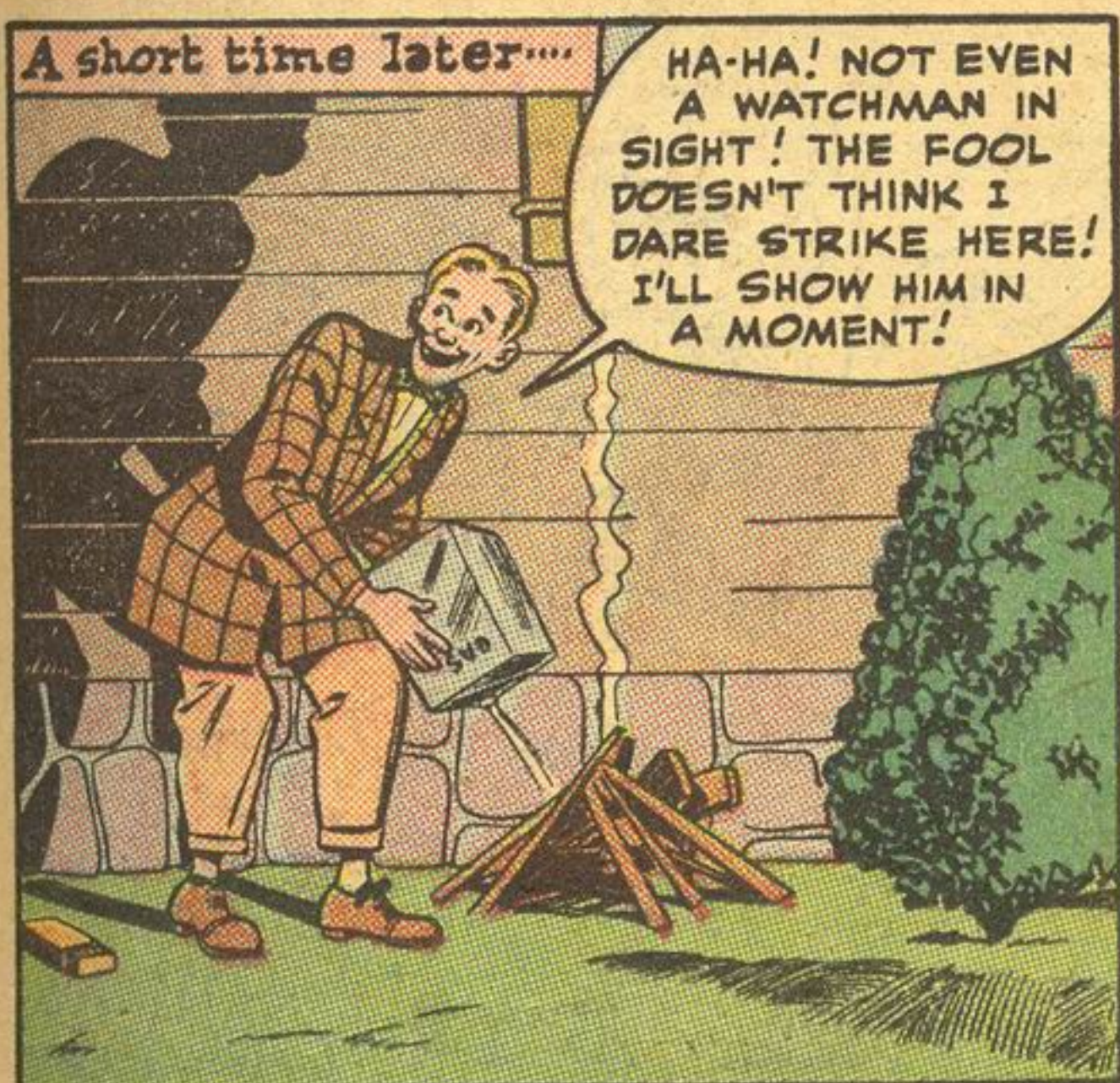
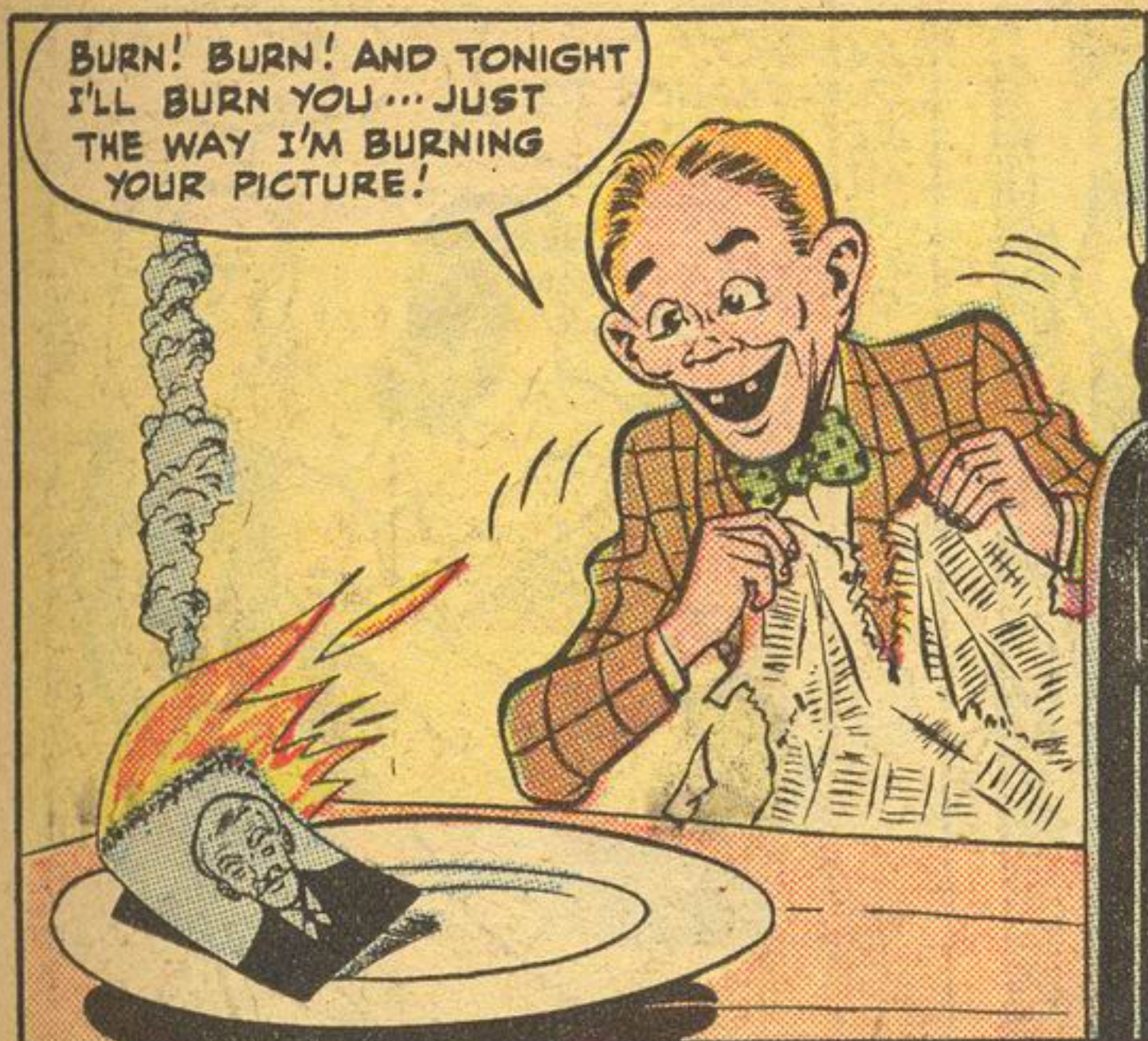
SO WE GET HIM SOME BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS AND PUT HIM IN A GOOD MOOD! I GET IT NOW, CANDY!

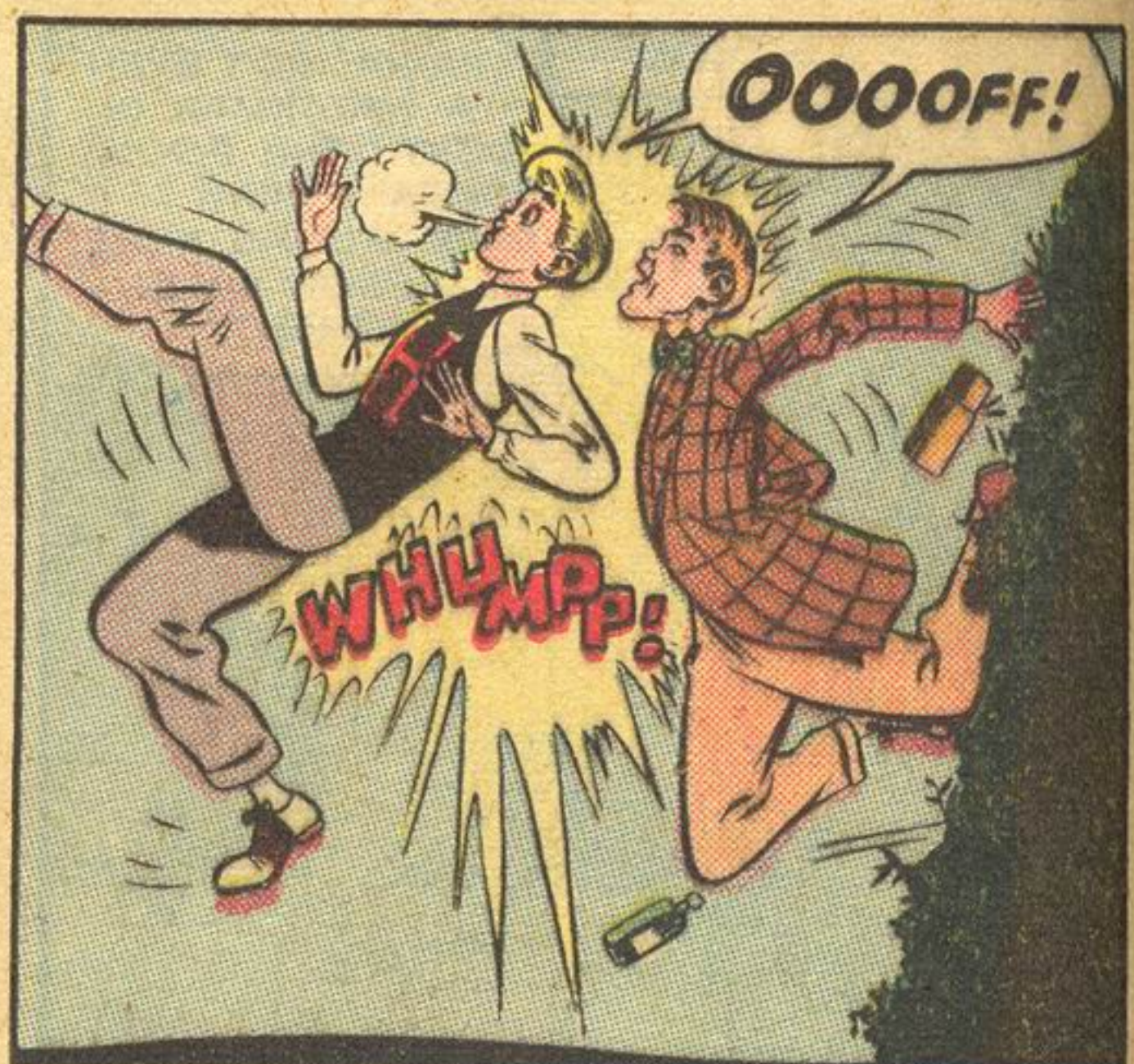


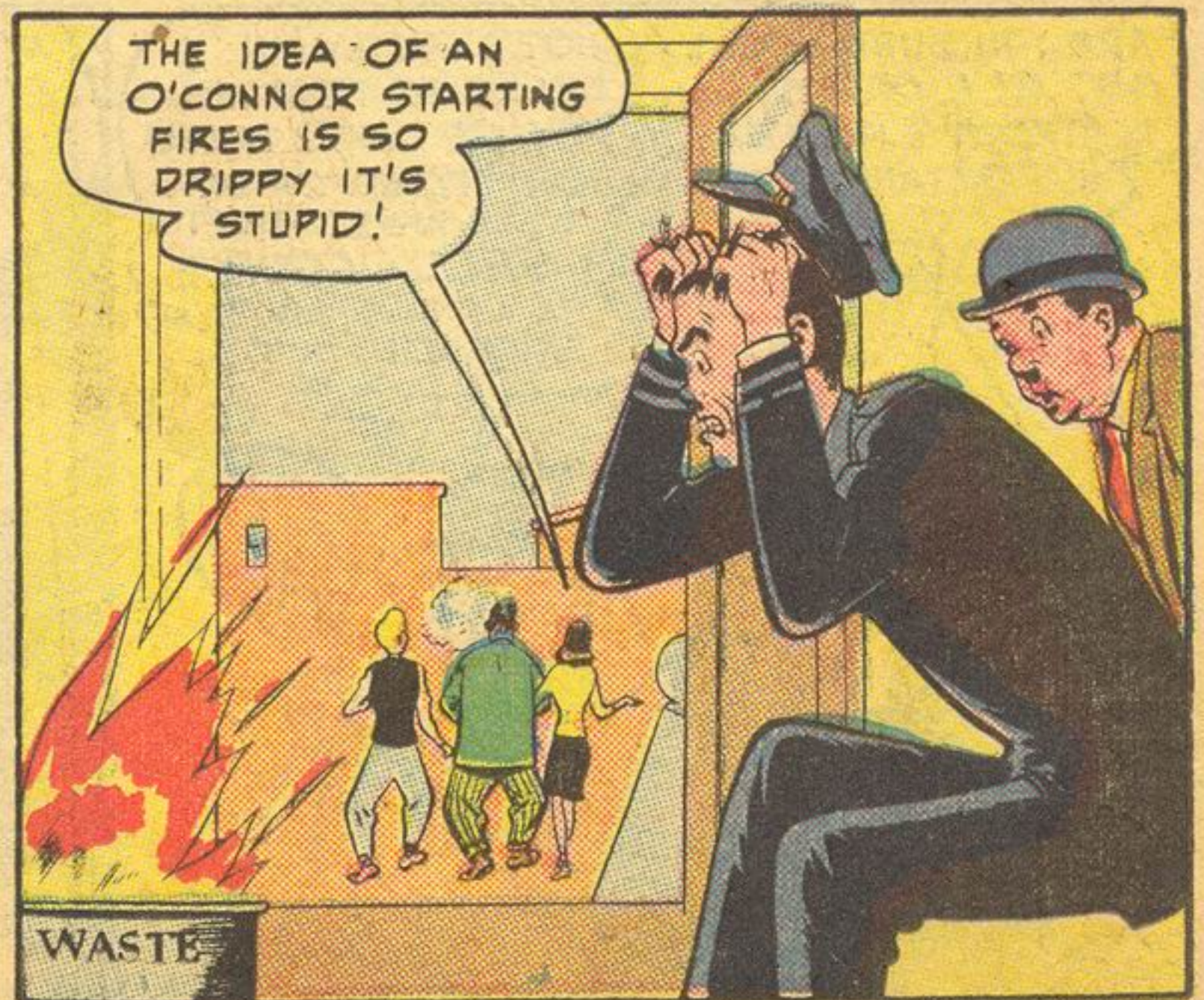
But meanwhile, across the city, someone else reads the same headlines

HA-HA-HAAA! GOING TO GIVE ME THE DEATH PENALTY, ARE YOU, JUDGE AMES? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! EEAH-HA-HA!

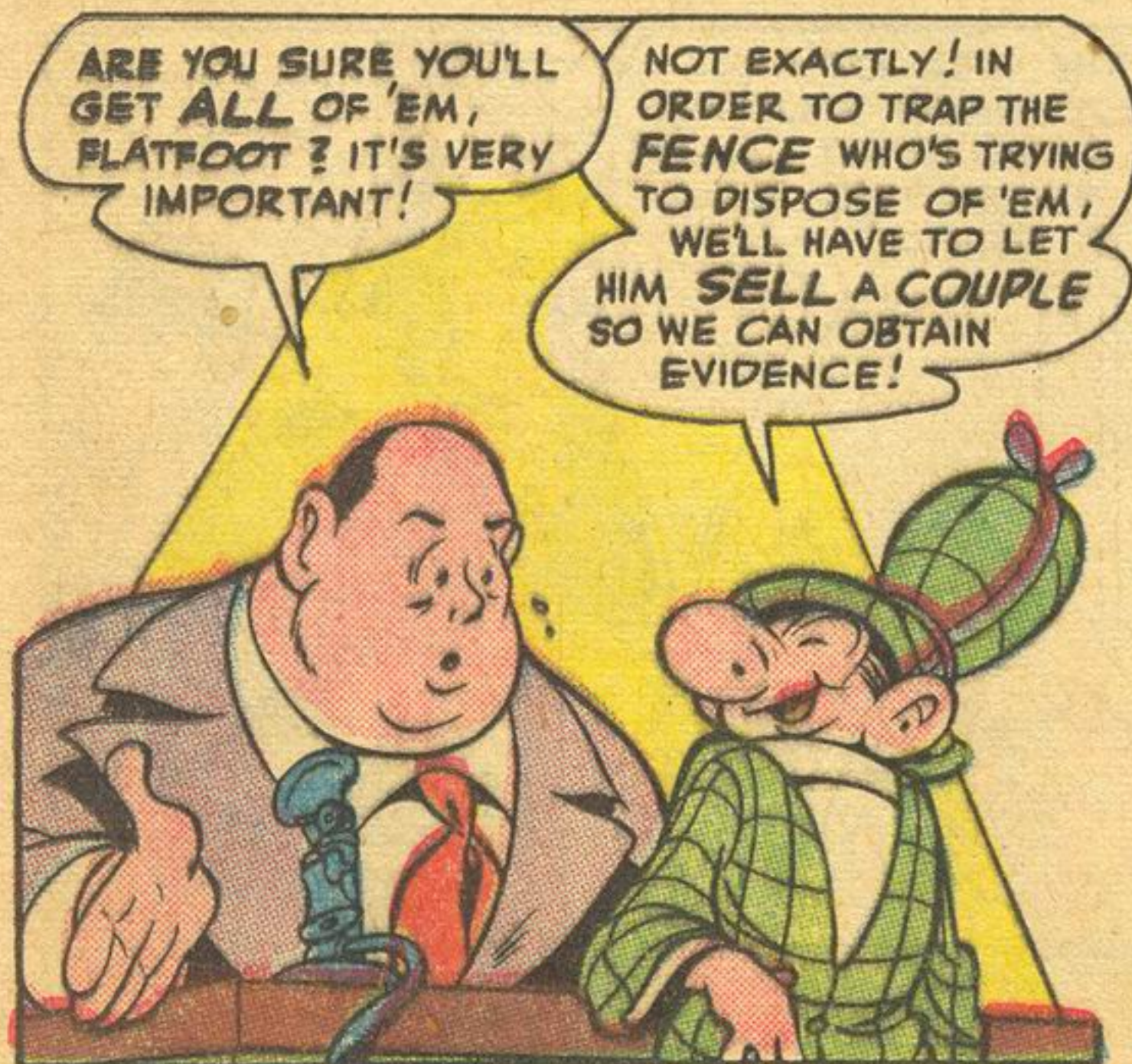
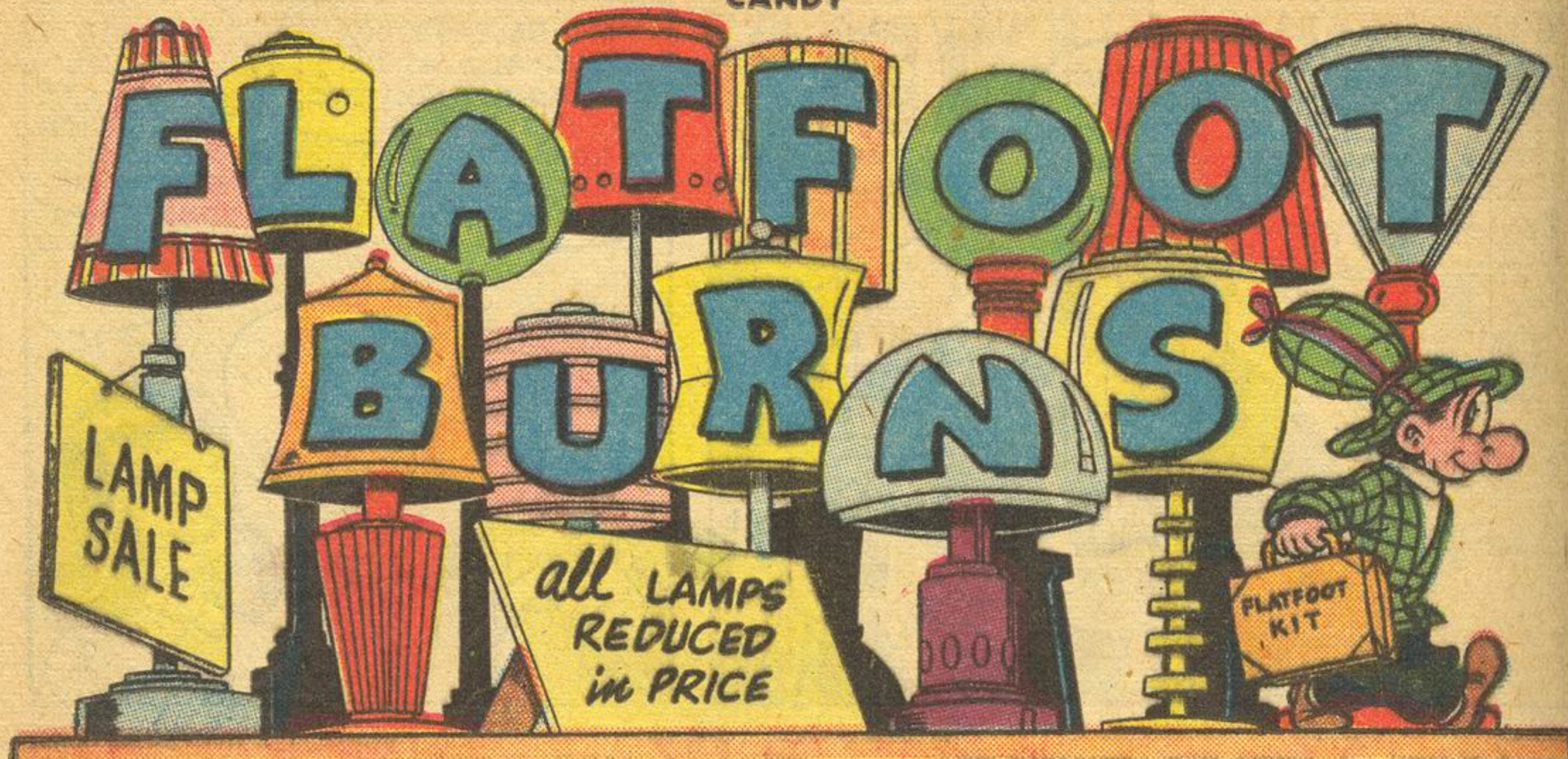


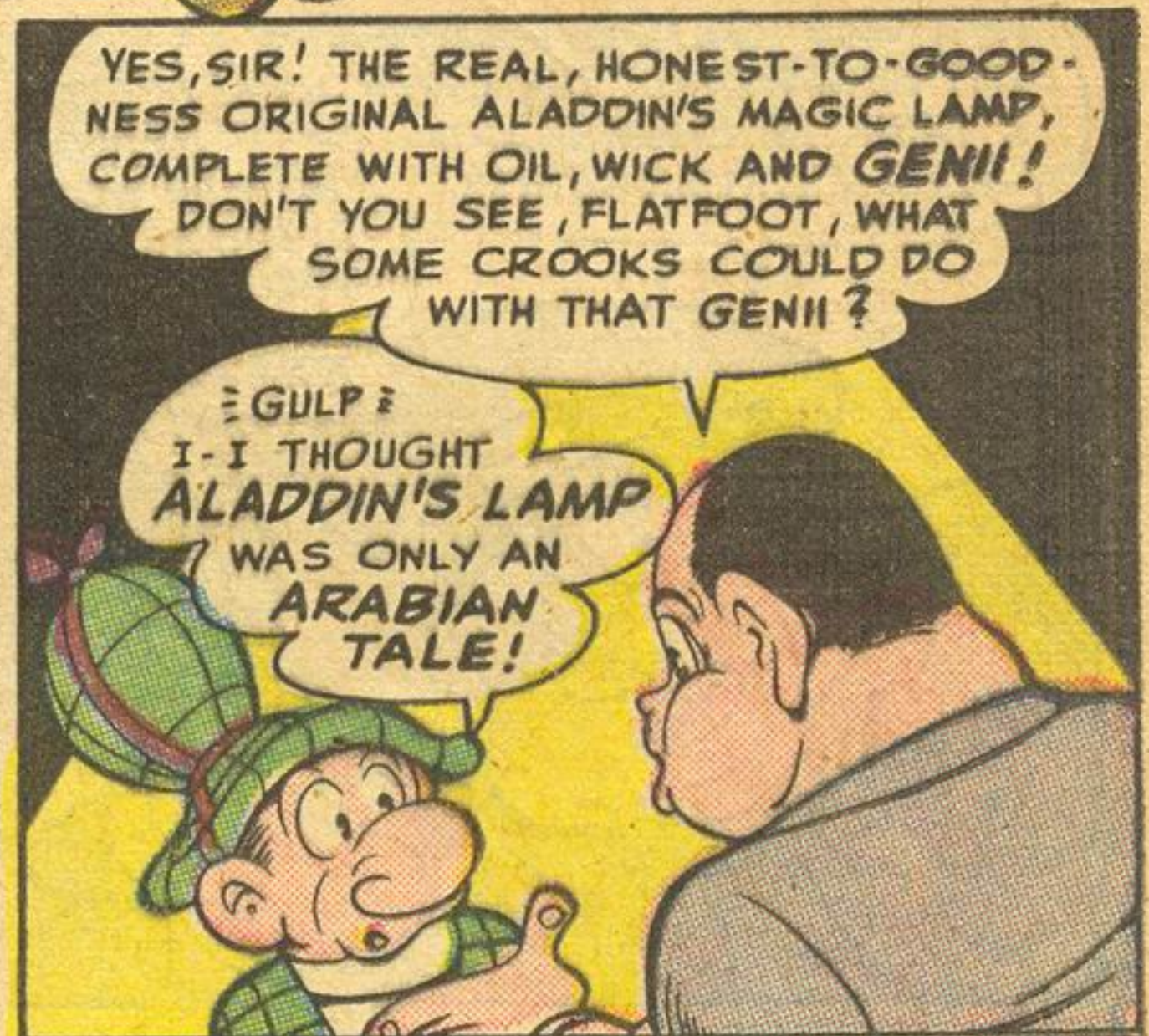
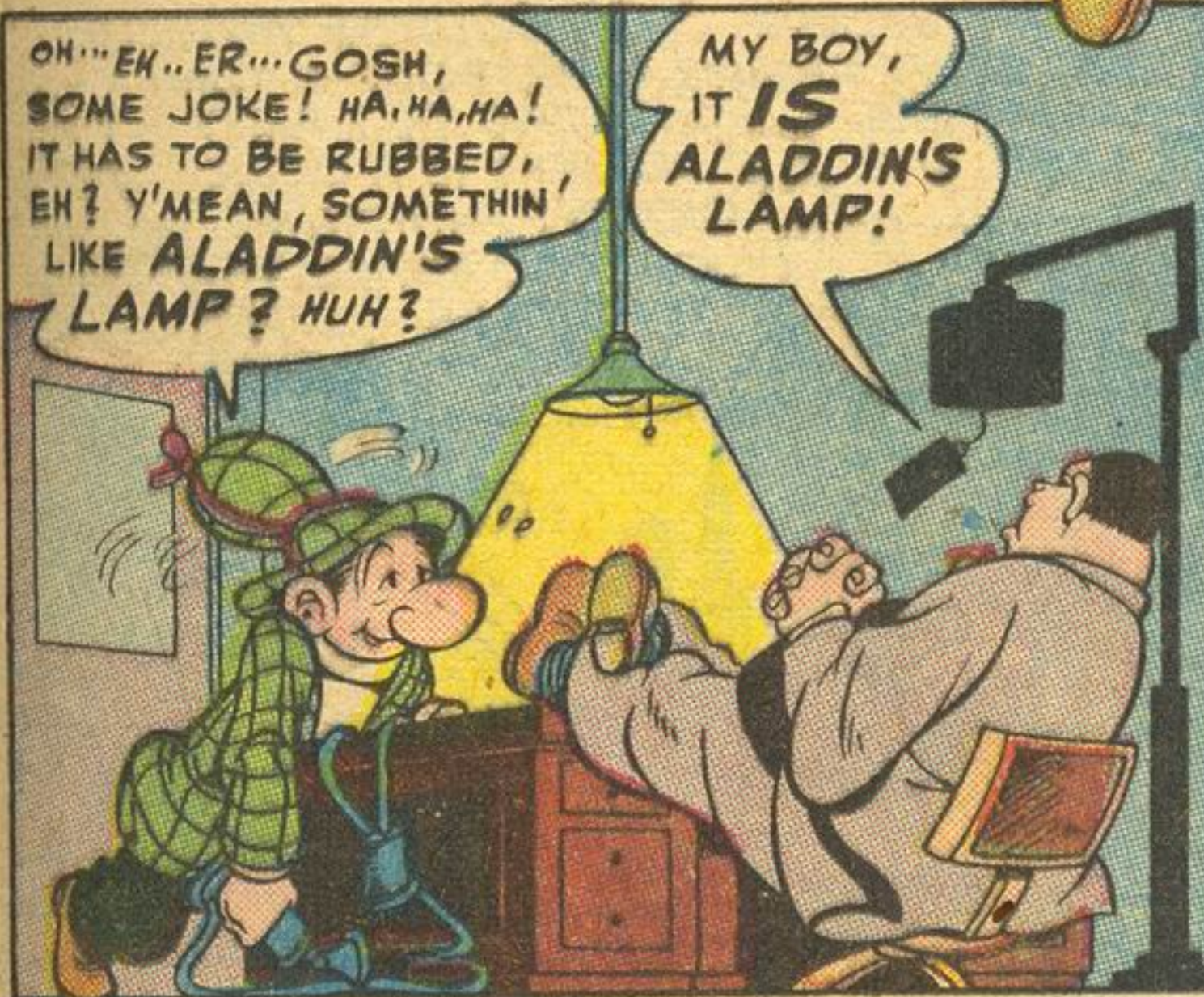
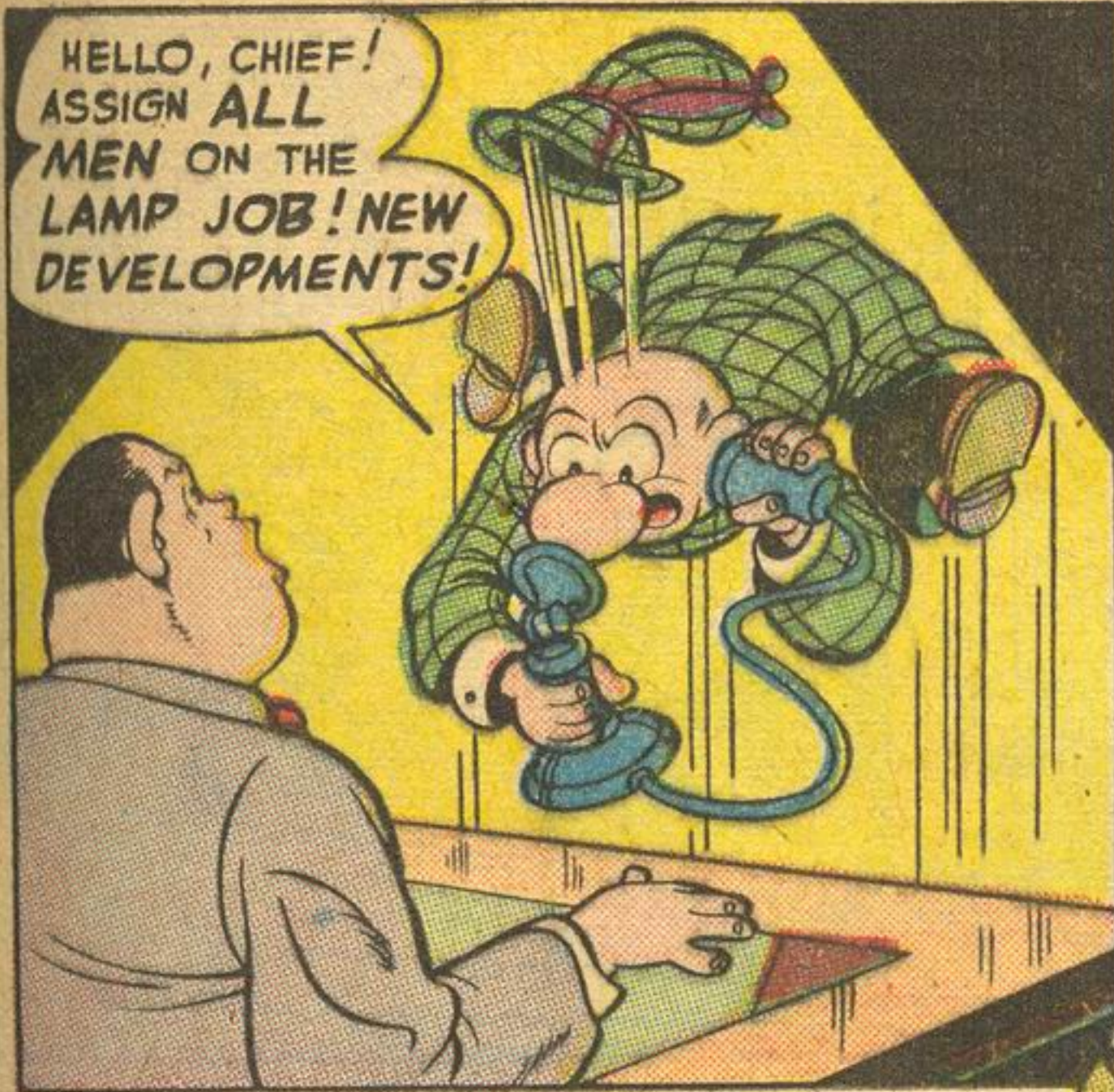


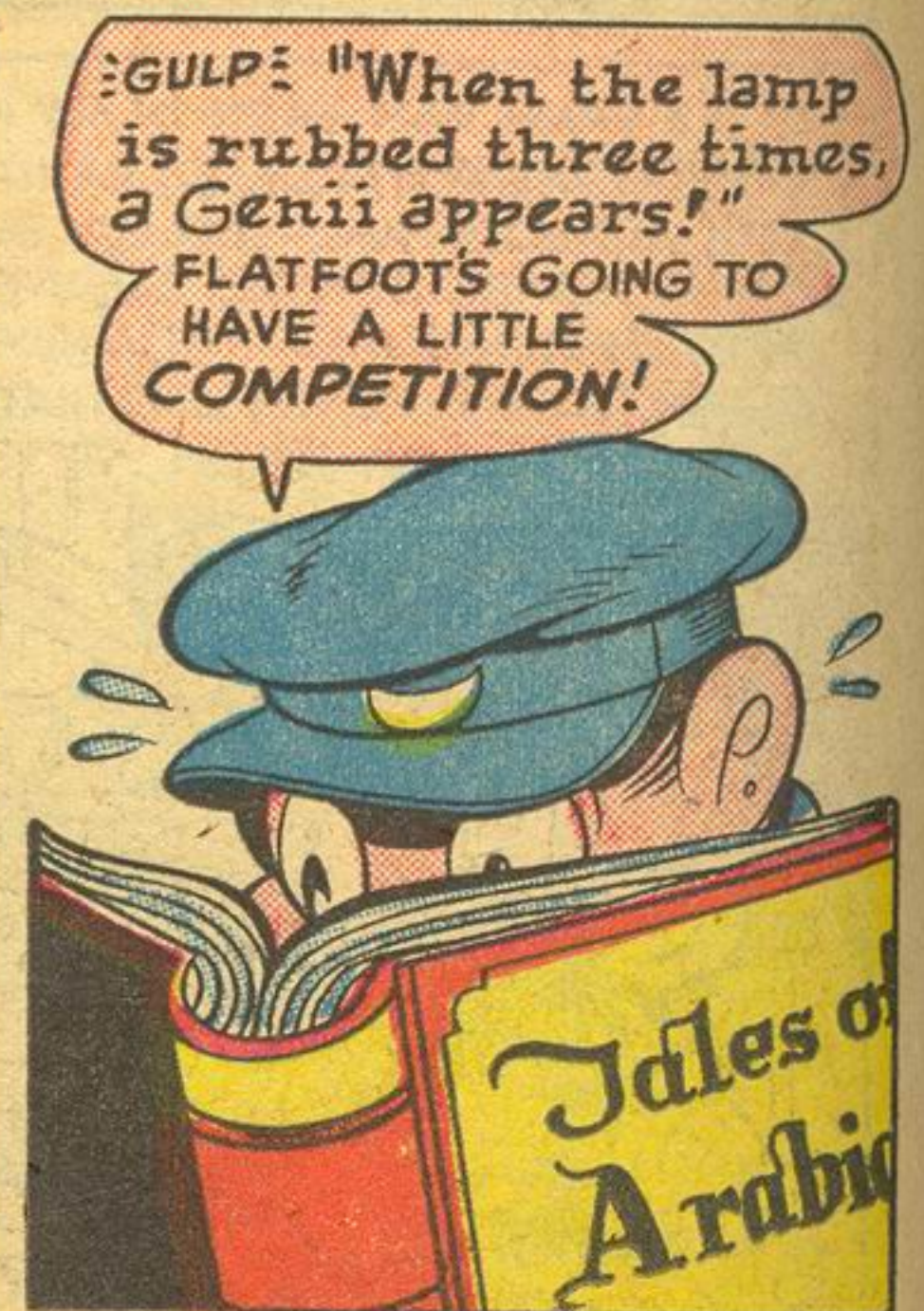
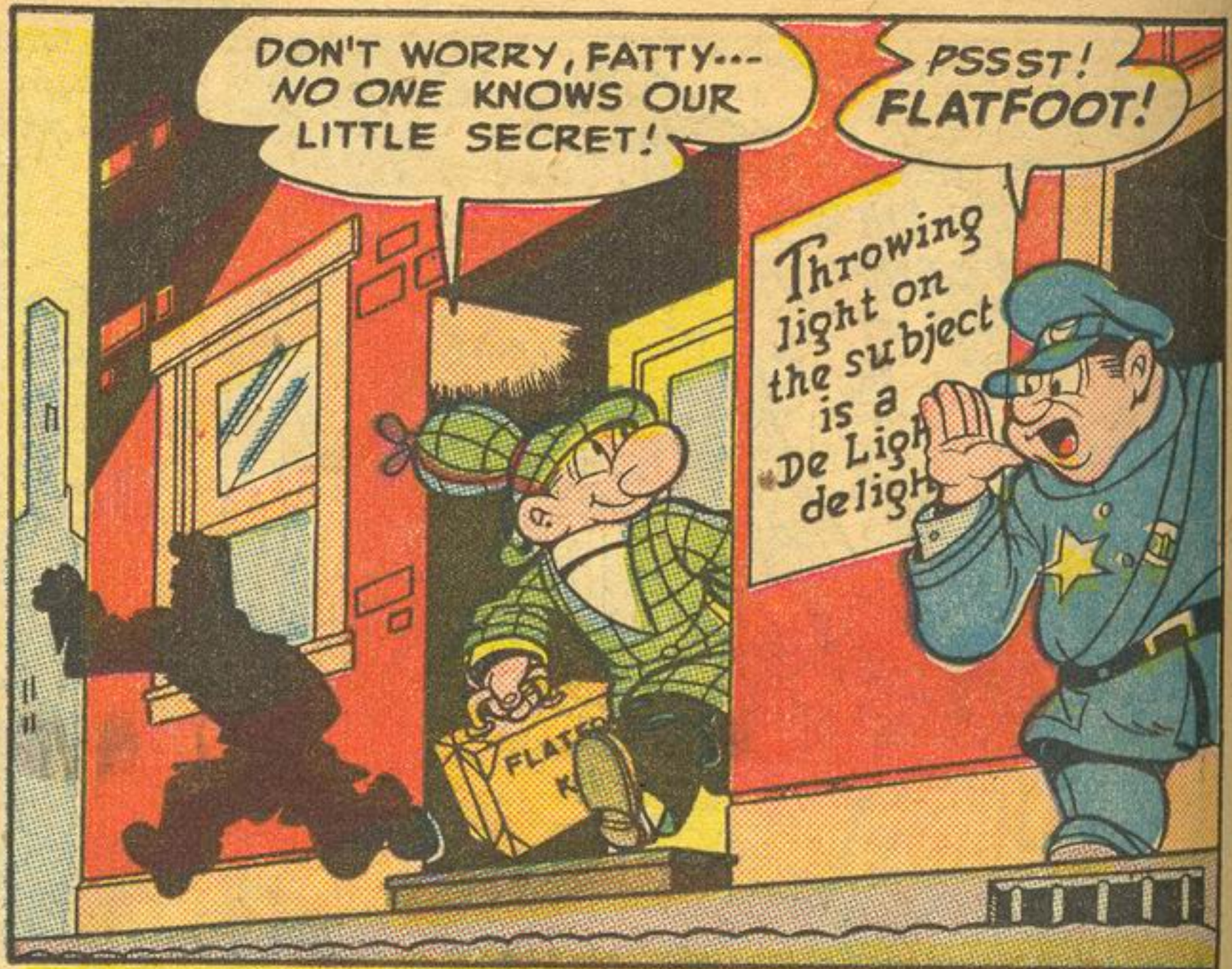


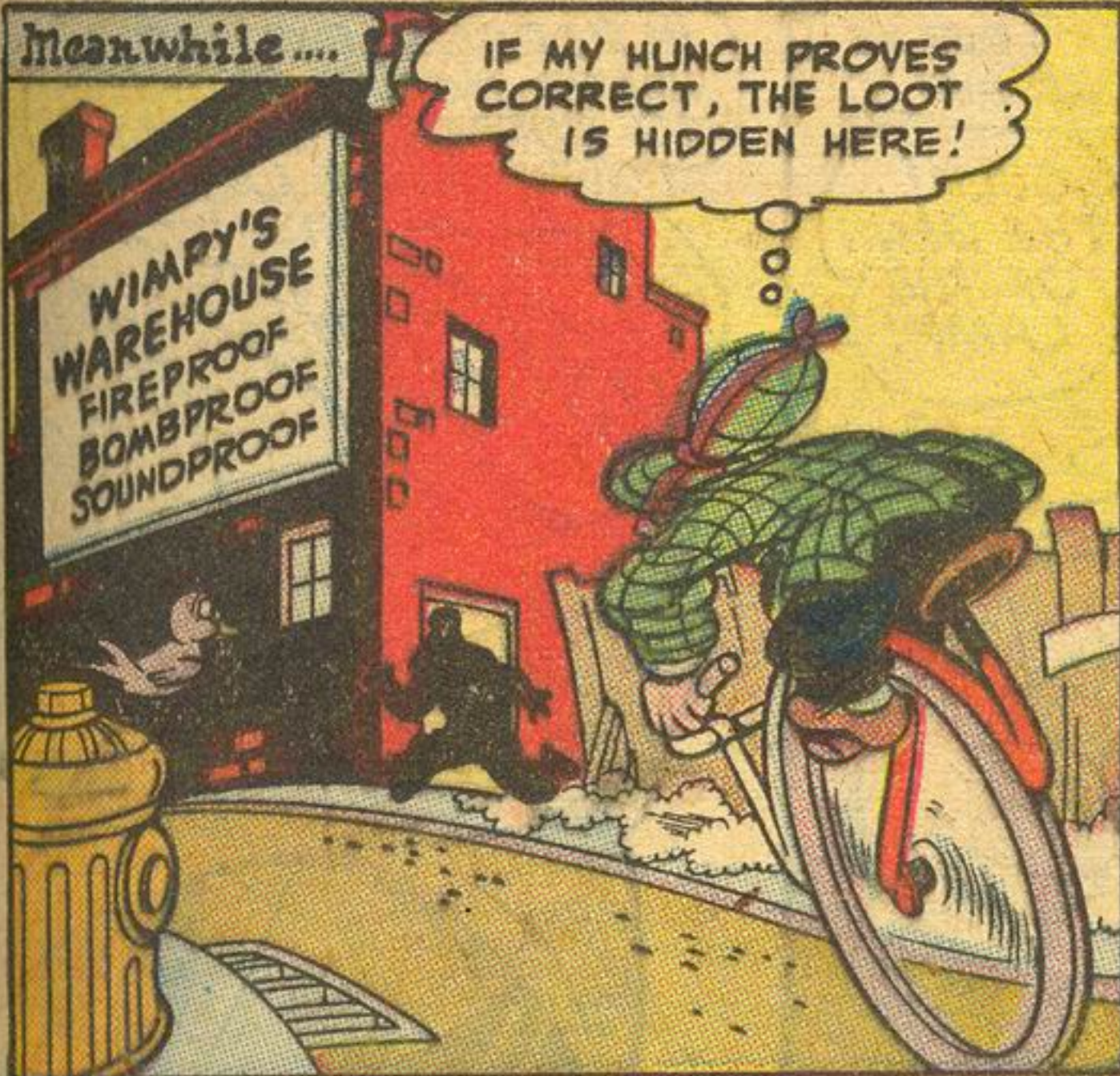


CANDY









One hour later...the air hangs heavy in the closed warehouse room!

LEMME OUT! HELP! I NEED OXYGEN!

HUH?

THAT'S RIGHT! RUB ME ONCE MORE AND I'LL BE FREE!

GULP! THE GENII OF THE LAMP!

IN PERSON, BUD! AND WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TRYING TO SUFFOCATE ME? I'LL GIVE YOU ONE LAST WISH!

SPECIAL \$2.98

ONE WISH IS ALL I NEED, GENII! GET ME OUT OF HERE SO I CAN STOP THOSE LAMP CROOKS FROM GETTING AWAY!

THAT WILL COST YOU FIFTEEN CENTS, BUD! SERVICE CHARGE!

PURE LINEN WILL NOT SHRINK MORE THAN 1%



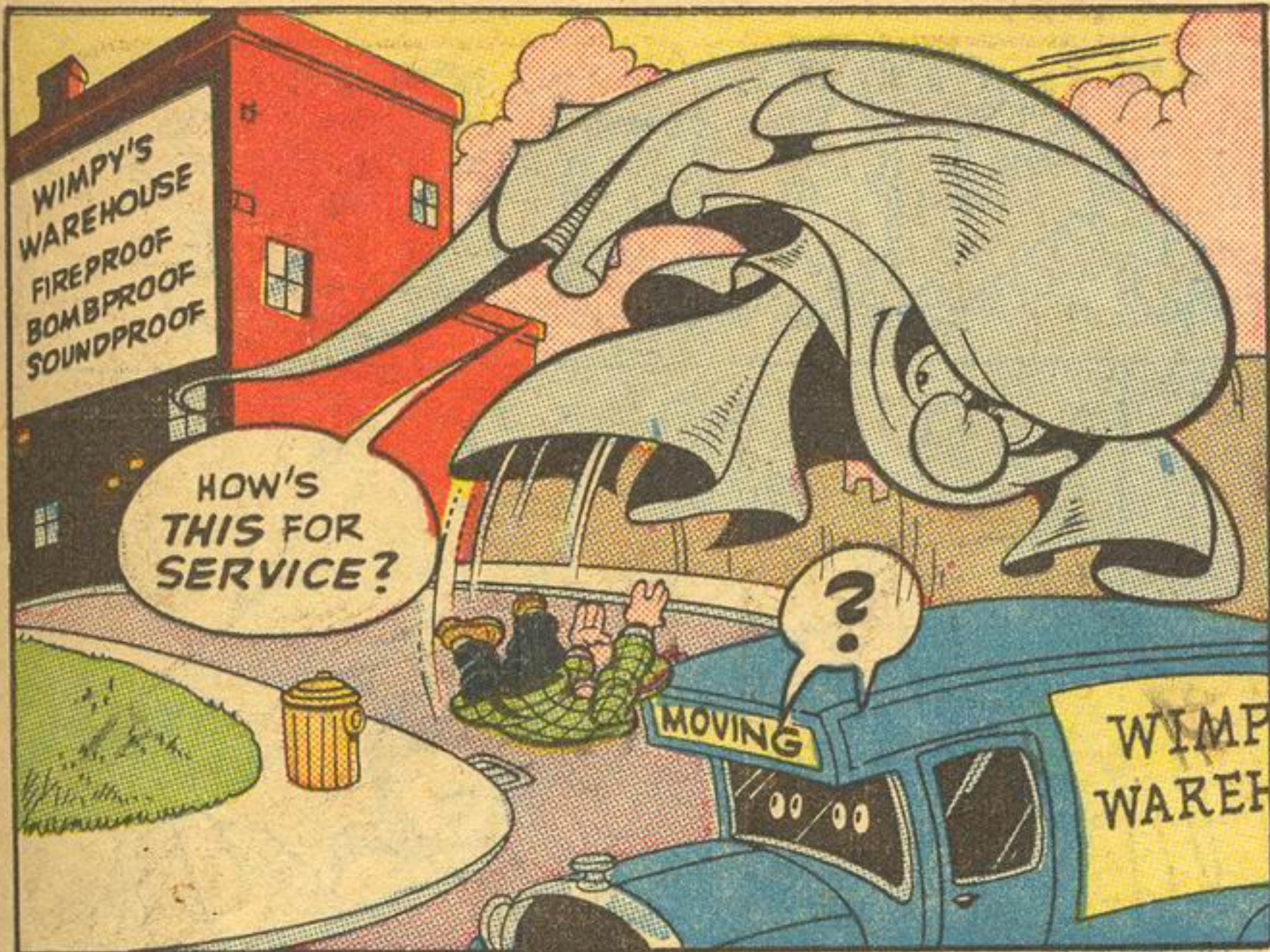
Y-YOU CHISELER... TRYING TO DICKER WITH ME! AT THIS VERY MOMENT, THIEVES ARE OUTSIDE, SENDING YOUR WHOLE FAMILY OF LAMPS DOWN THE RIVER AT CUT PRICES!

GOSH, FLATFOOT, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT BEFORE?

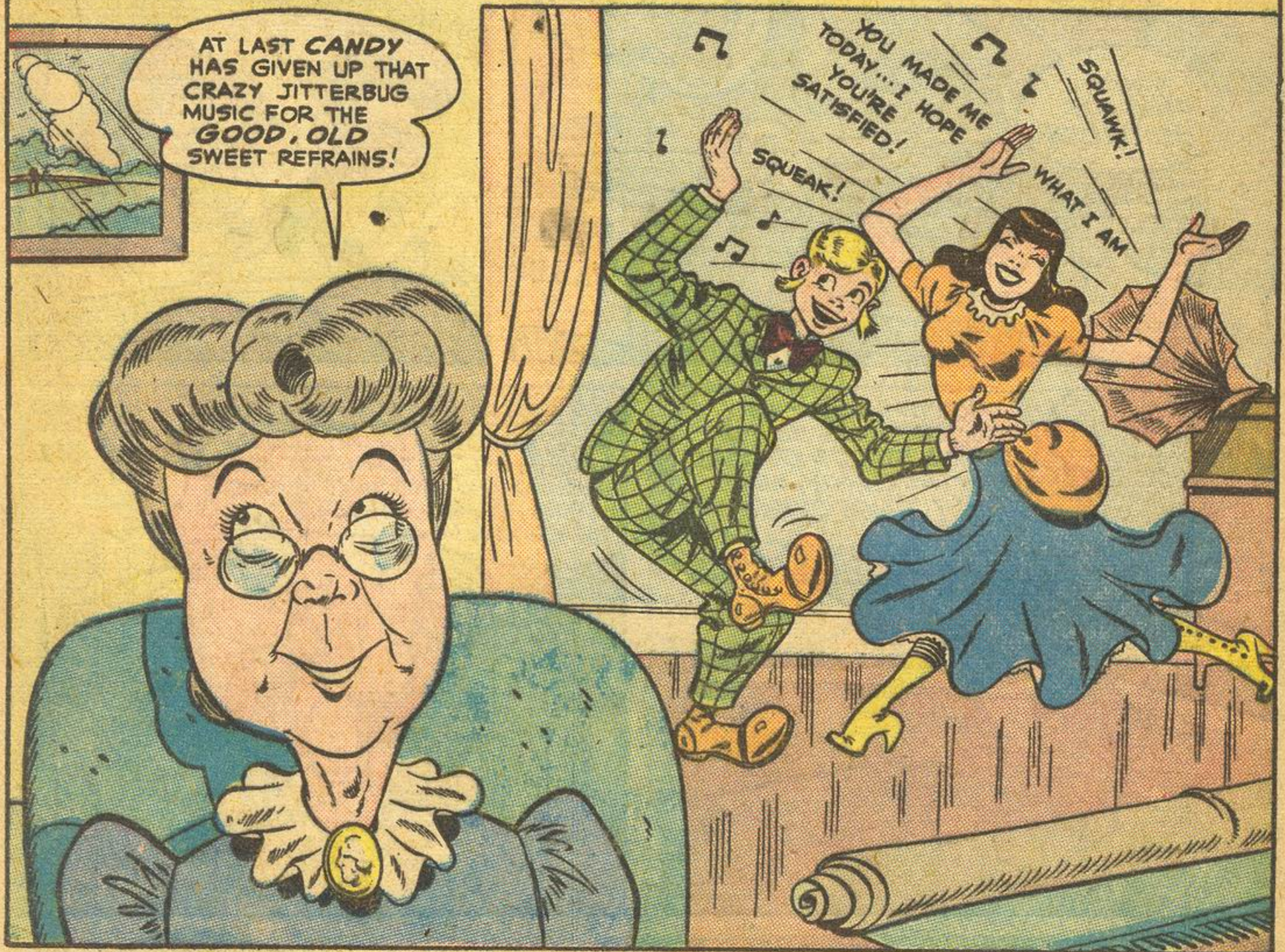
HOLD TIGHT!

WOW!

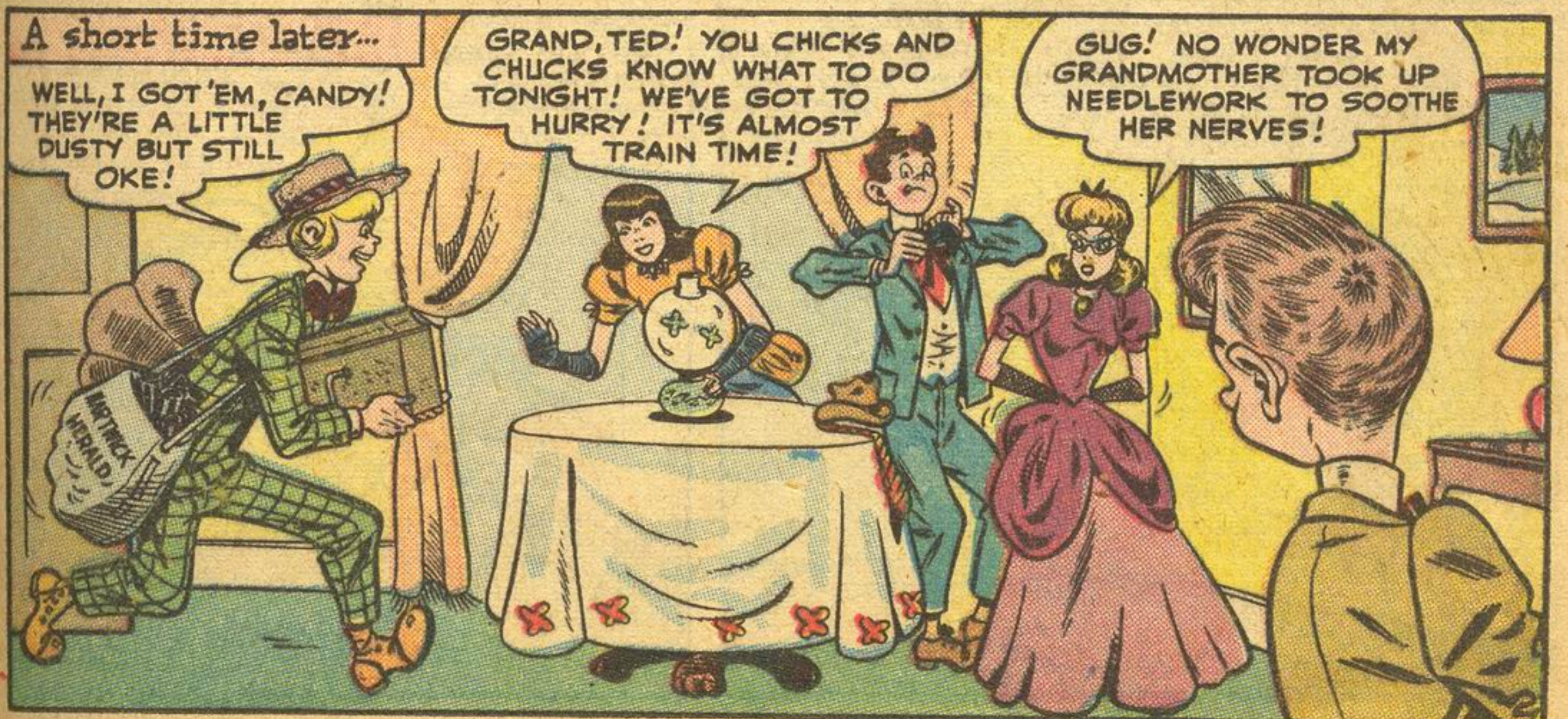
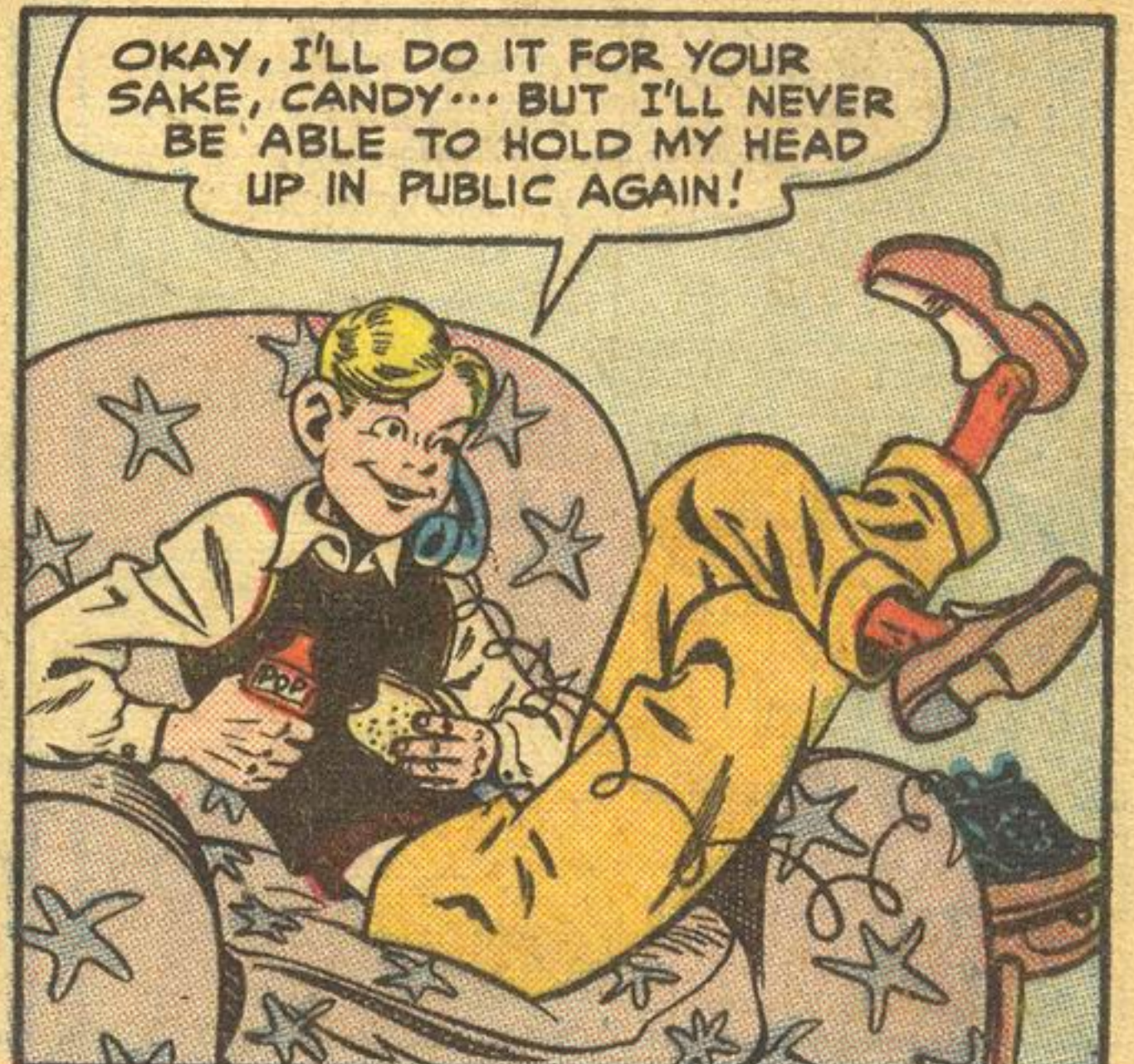
WASH IN DUX-SOAP

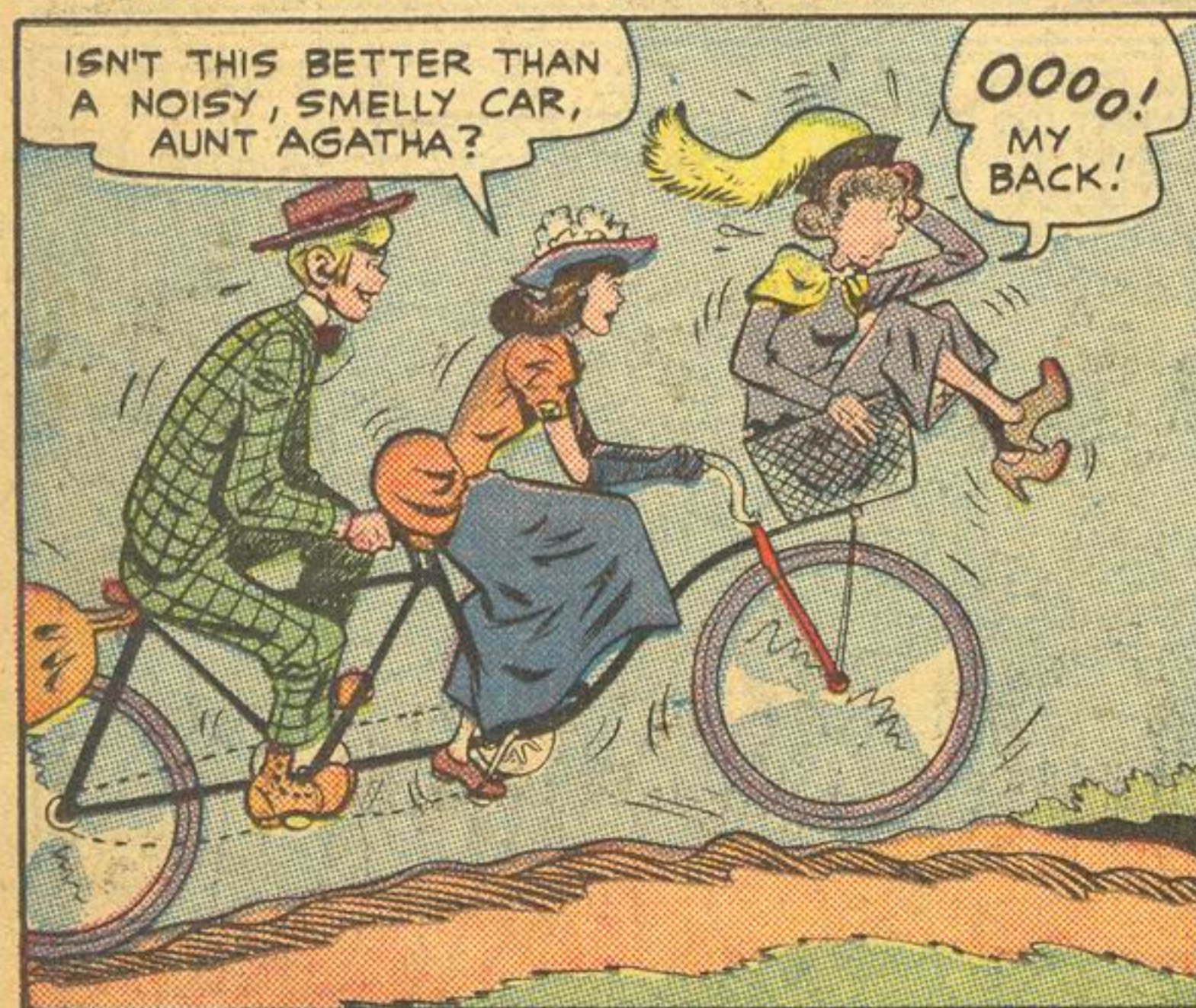
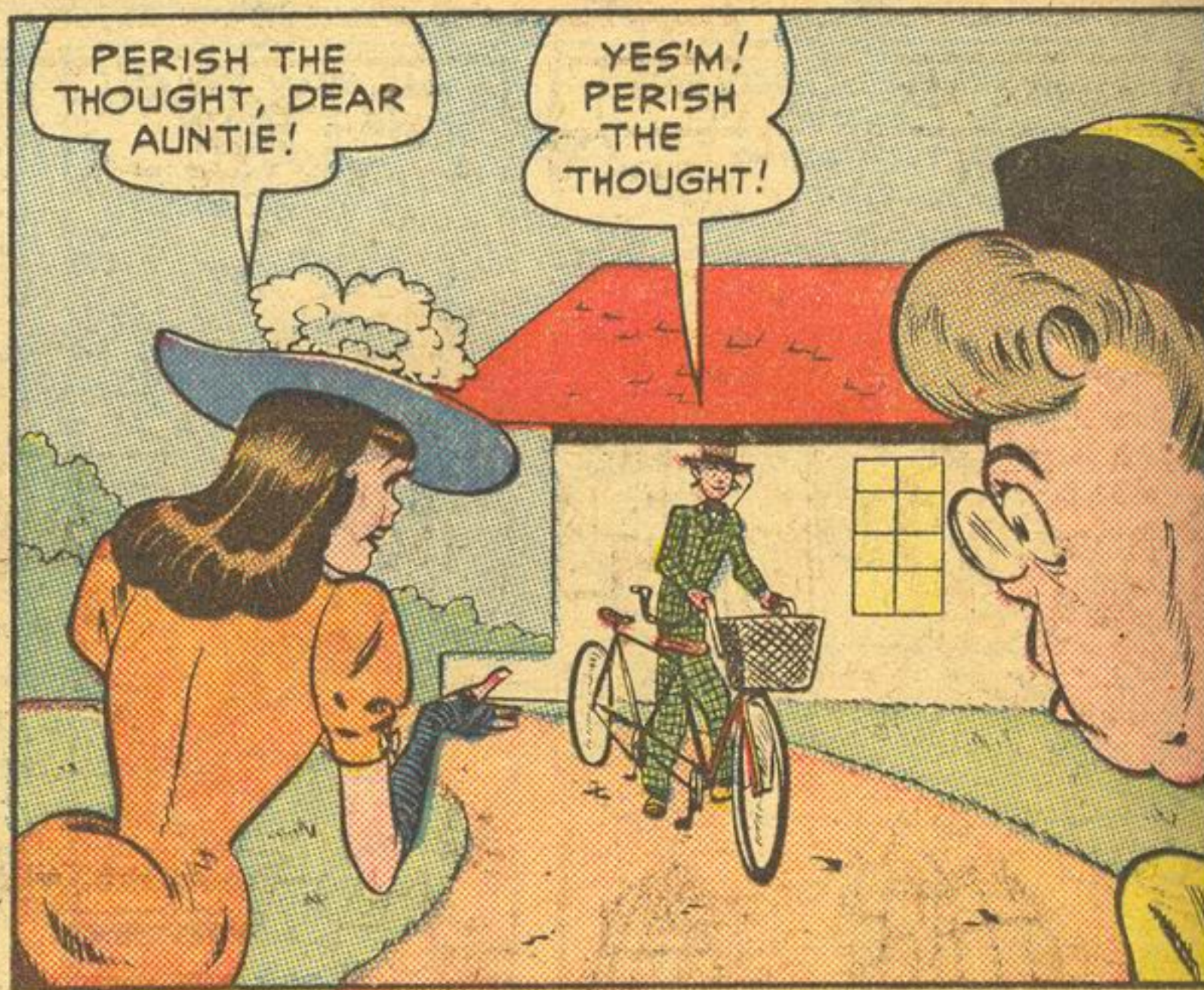
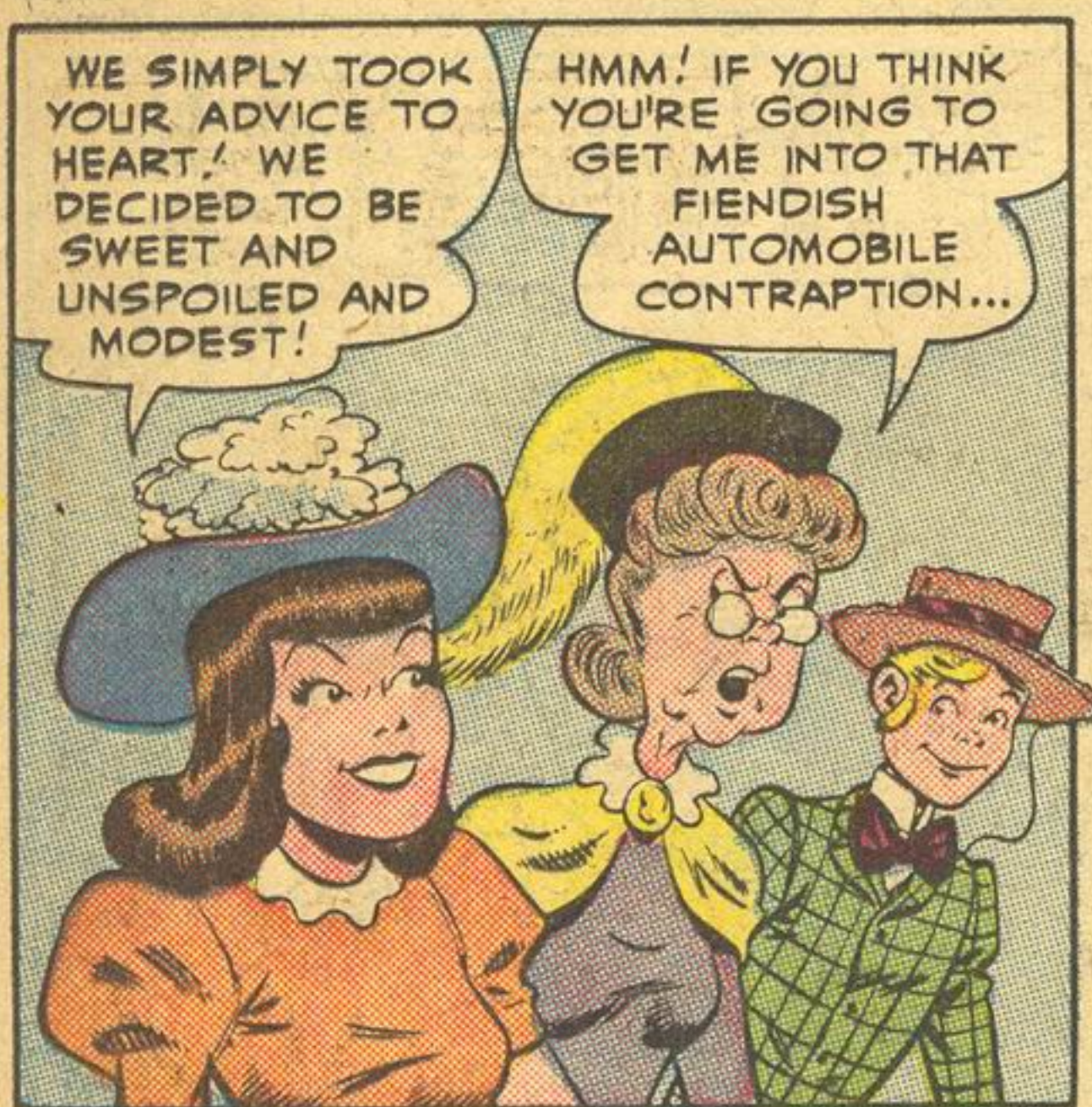
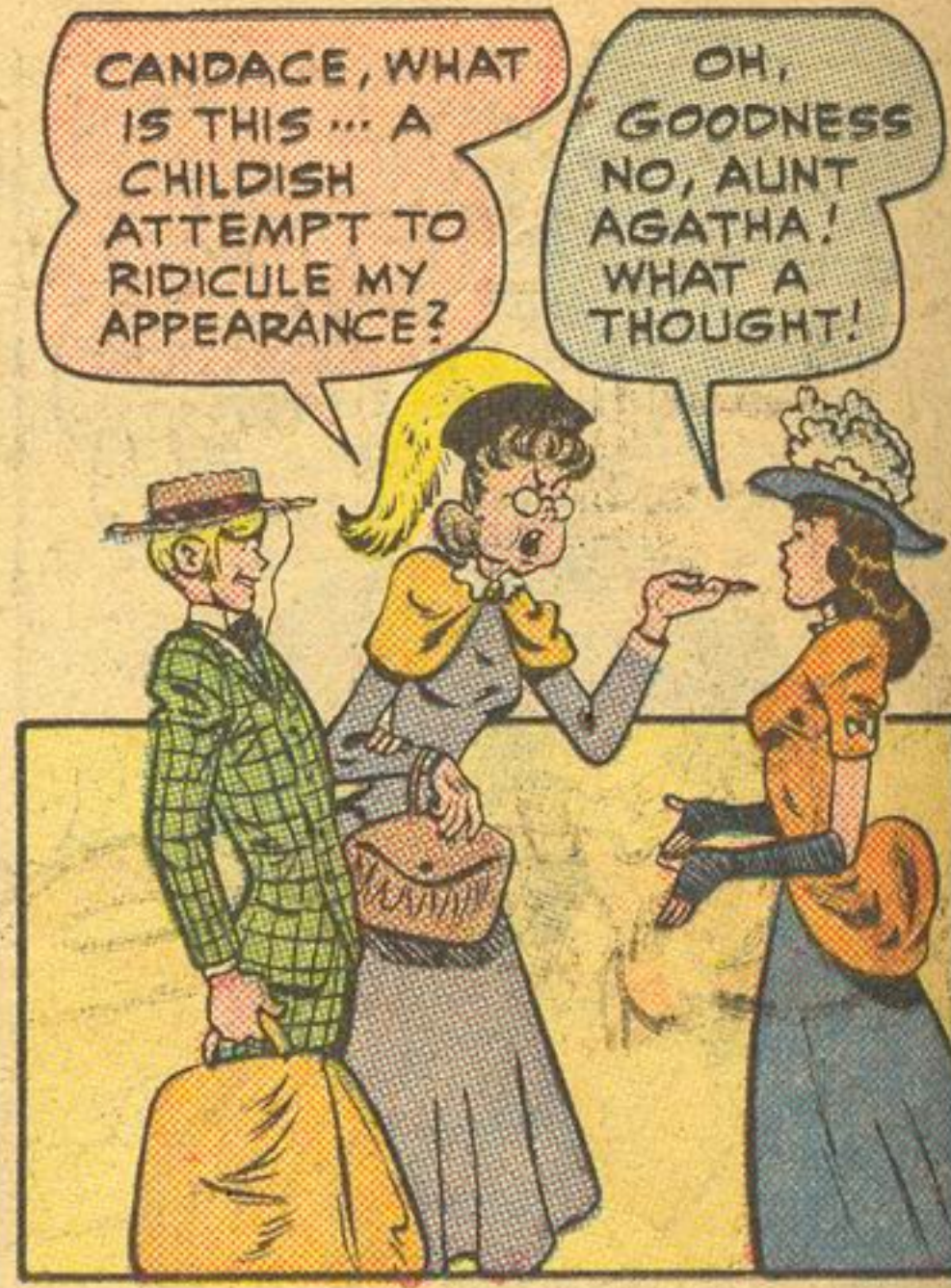


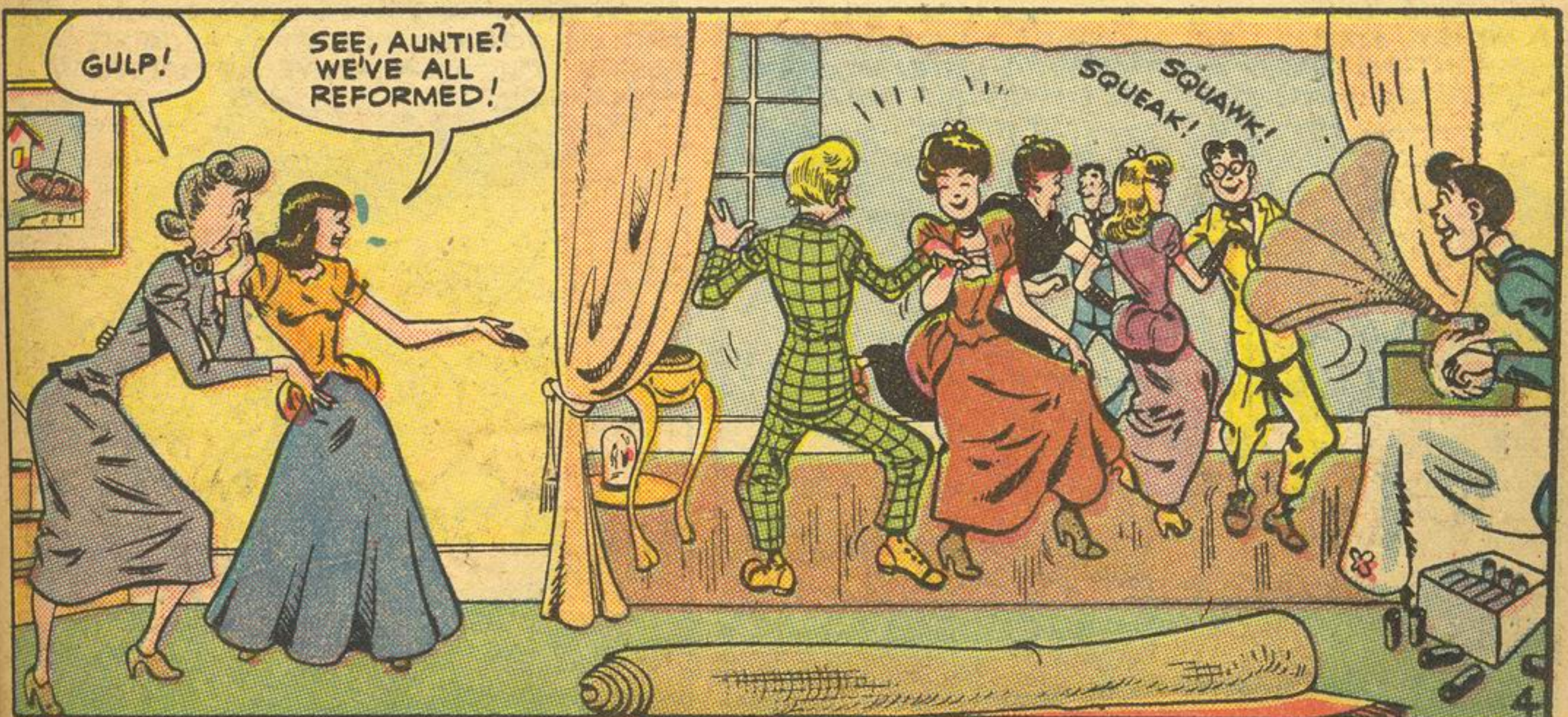
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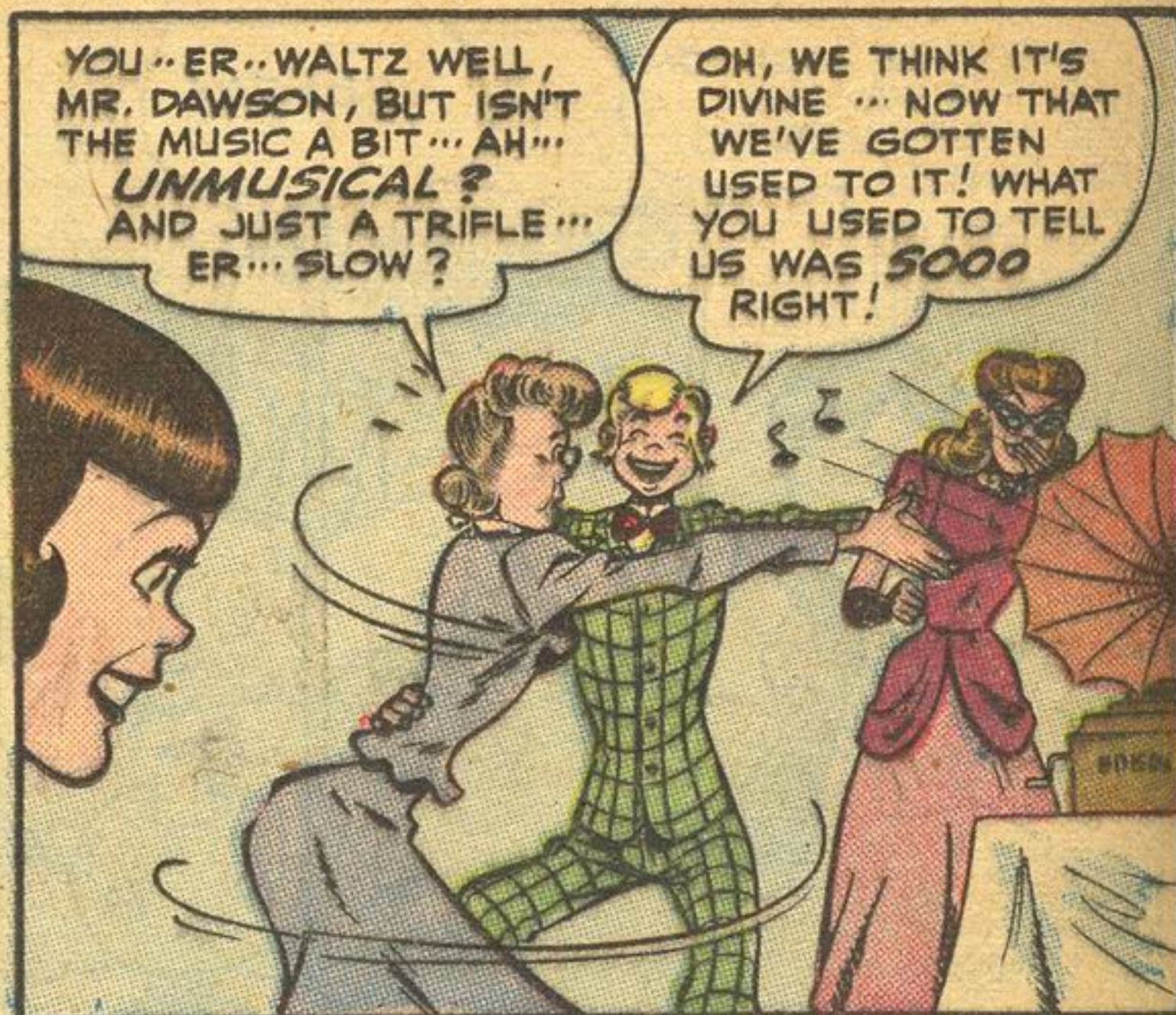


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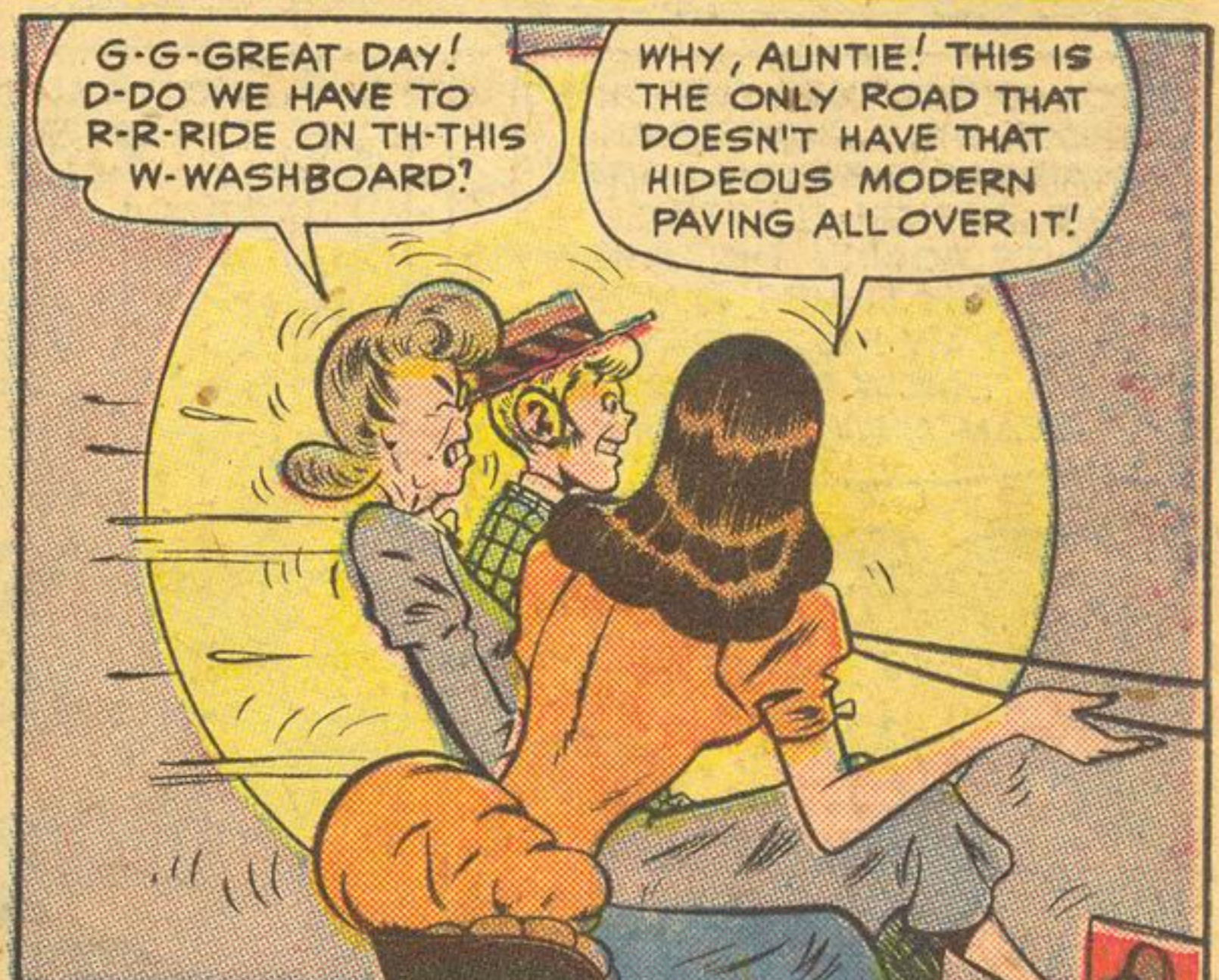
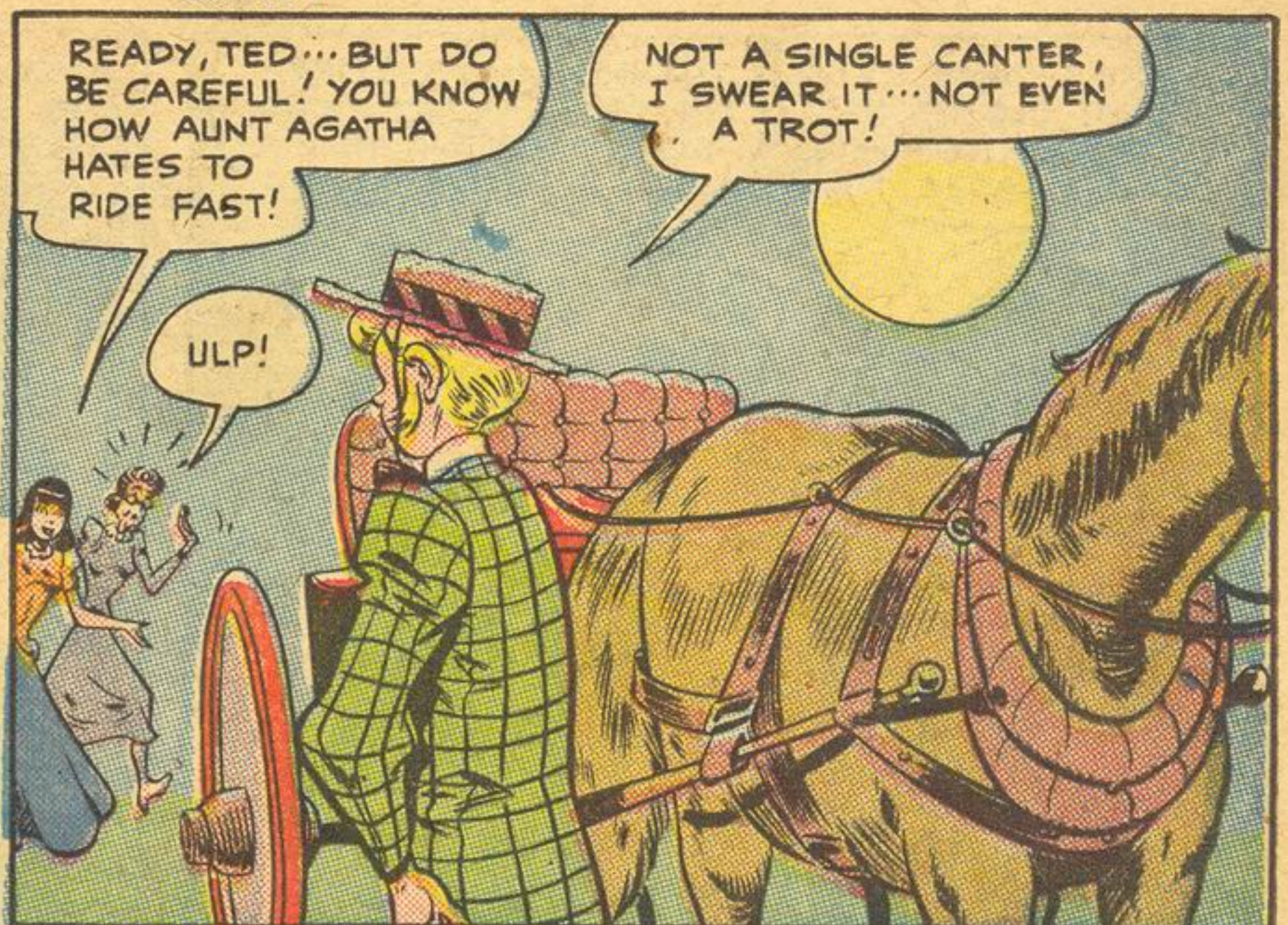


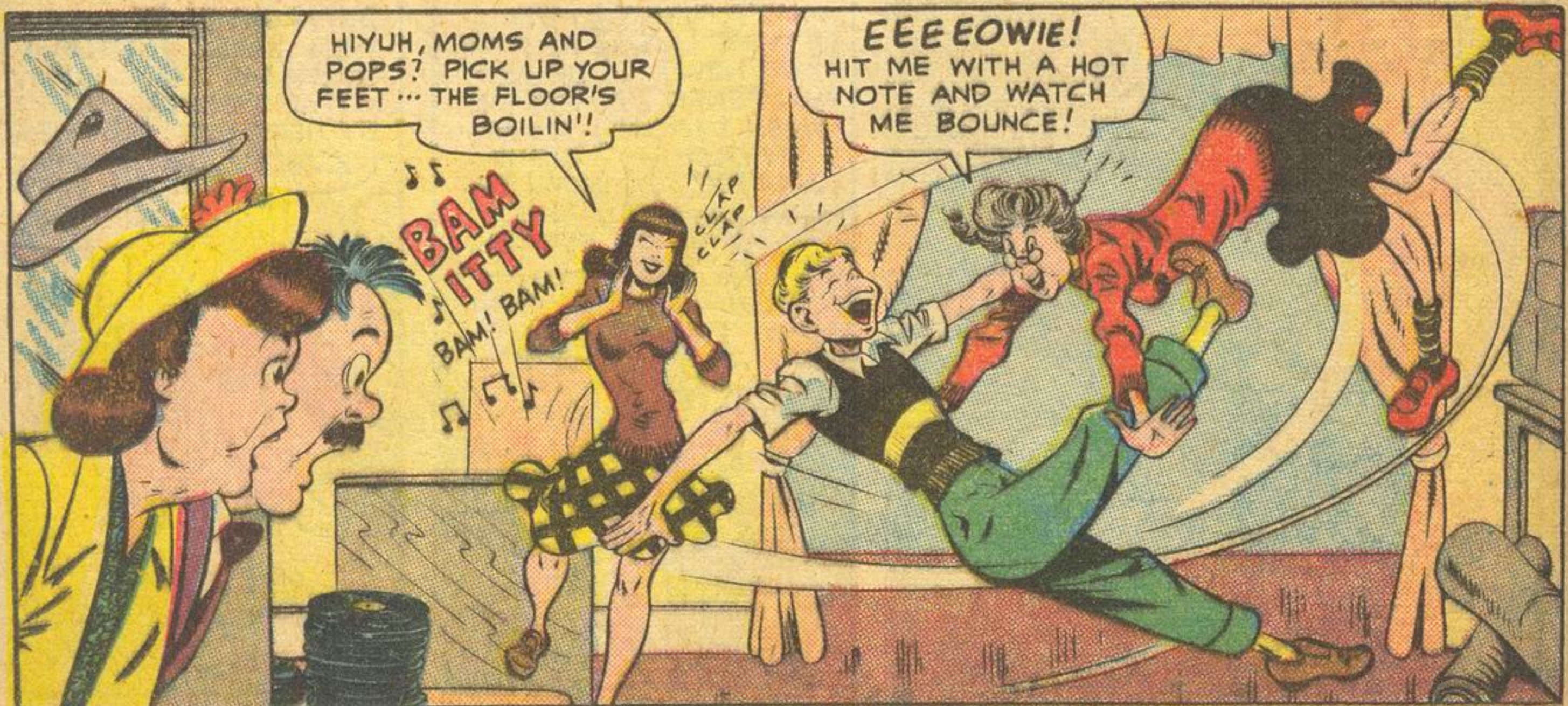




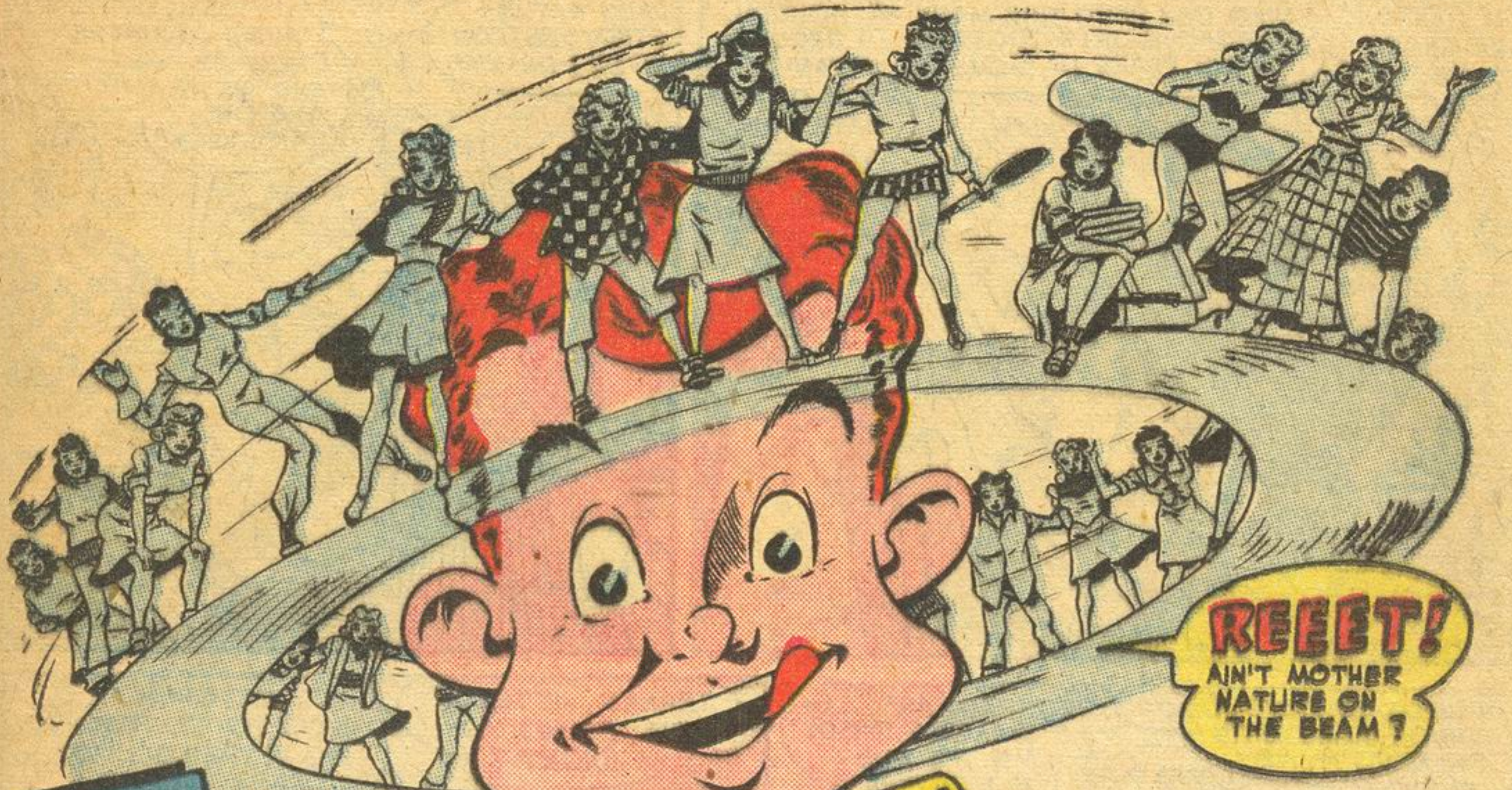


CANDY





CANDY



REEET!
AIN'T MOTHER
NATURE ON
THE BEAM?

Jitters

YOU MEAN WE'RE CUTTING THE PAVEMENT AT A CANNON-BALL CLIP JUST TO GURGLE AT A CROONER? HE'LL JUST BE ON THE PLATFORM OF THE TRAIN AS IT PASSES THROUGH---

RAJAH! SO HUSTLE YOUR HOOFES, BUGS, OR WE'LL MISS THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE AGE!



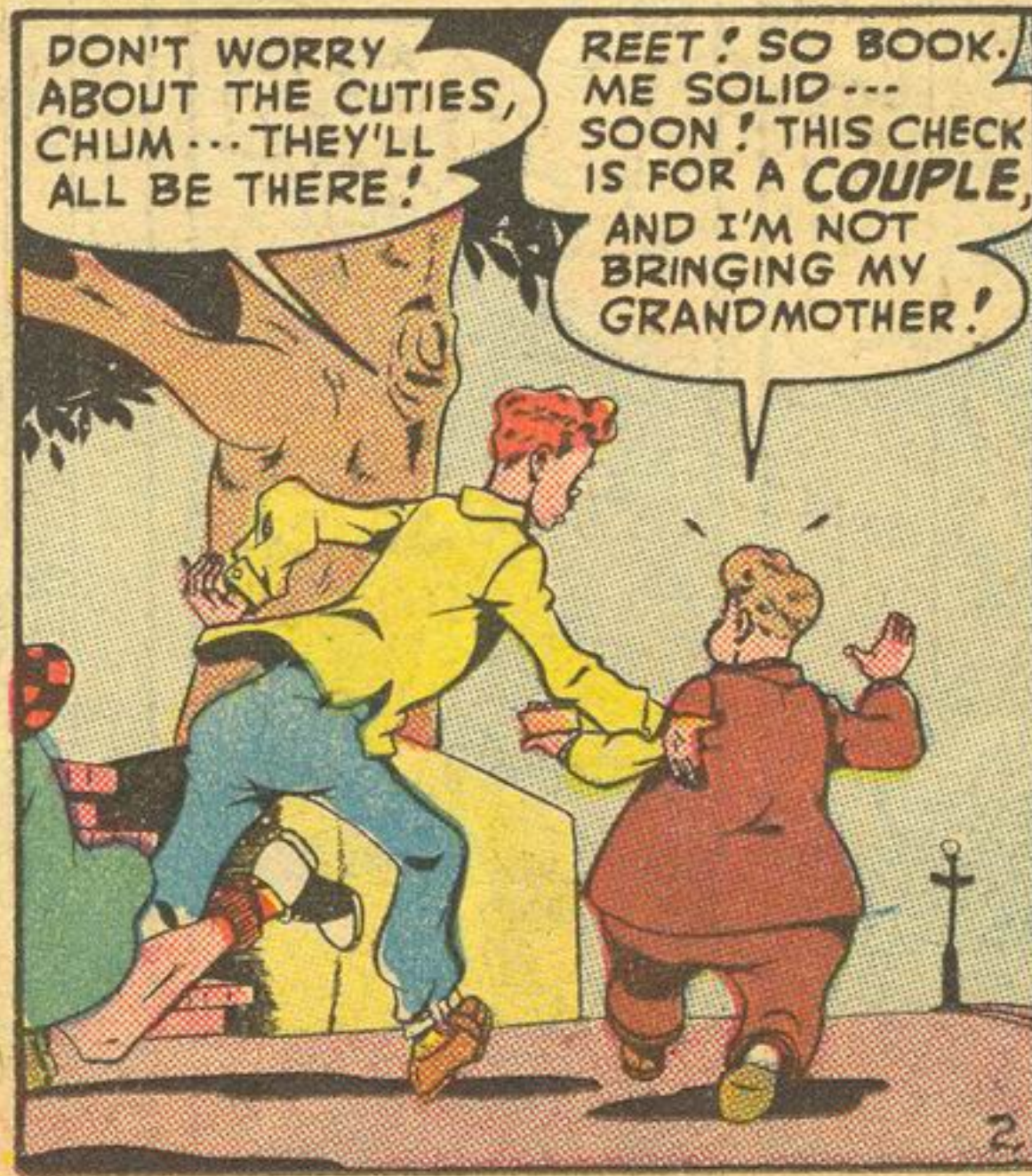
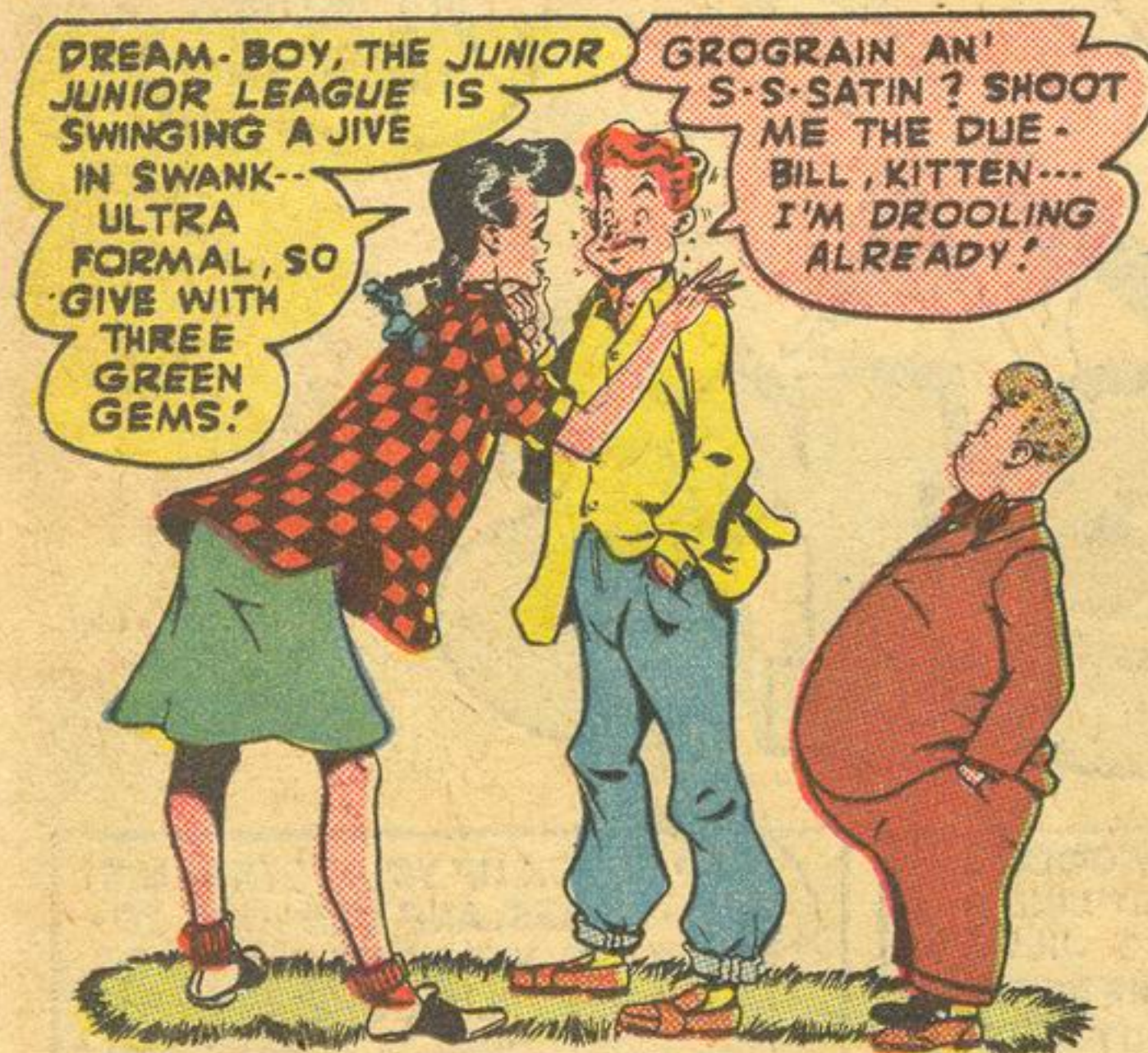
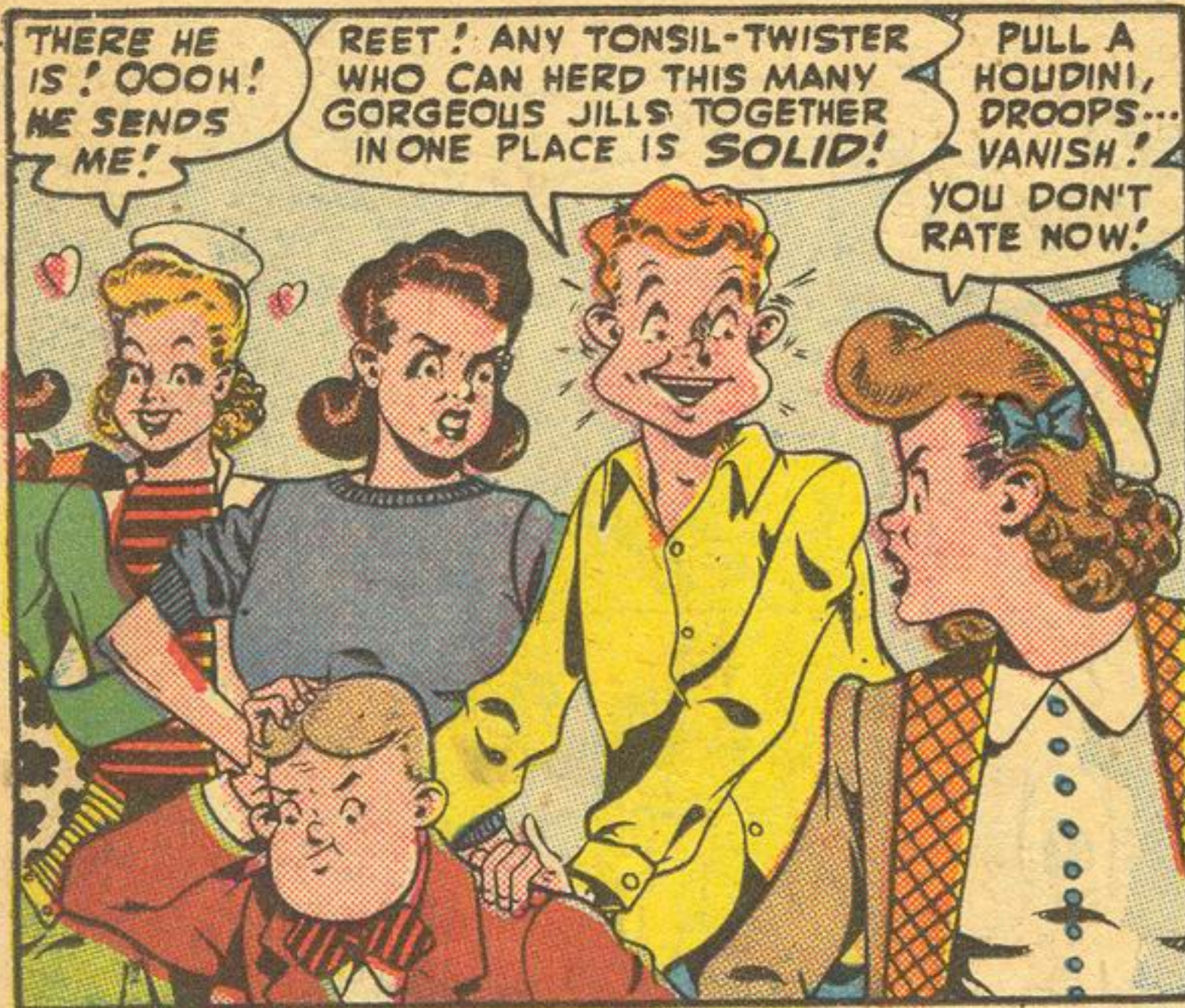
GET HEP, Y'GOON! YOU SOUND LIKE A JIBBERING JILL! WHAT'S THERE TO SEE ABOUT THIS GUY?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

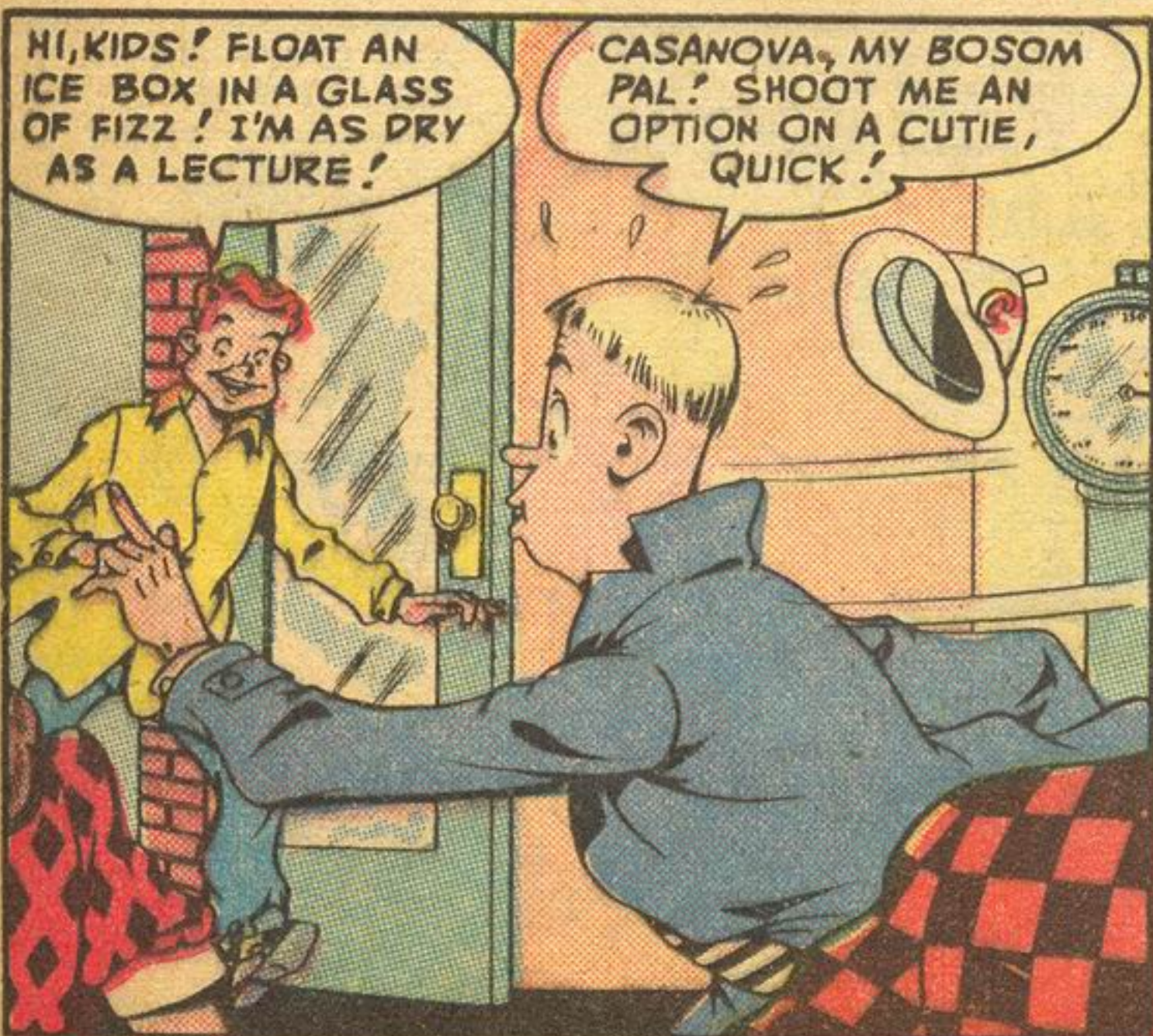
'RAY! EEE!

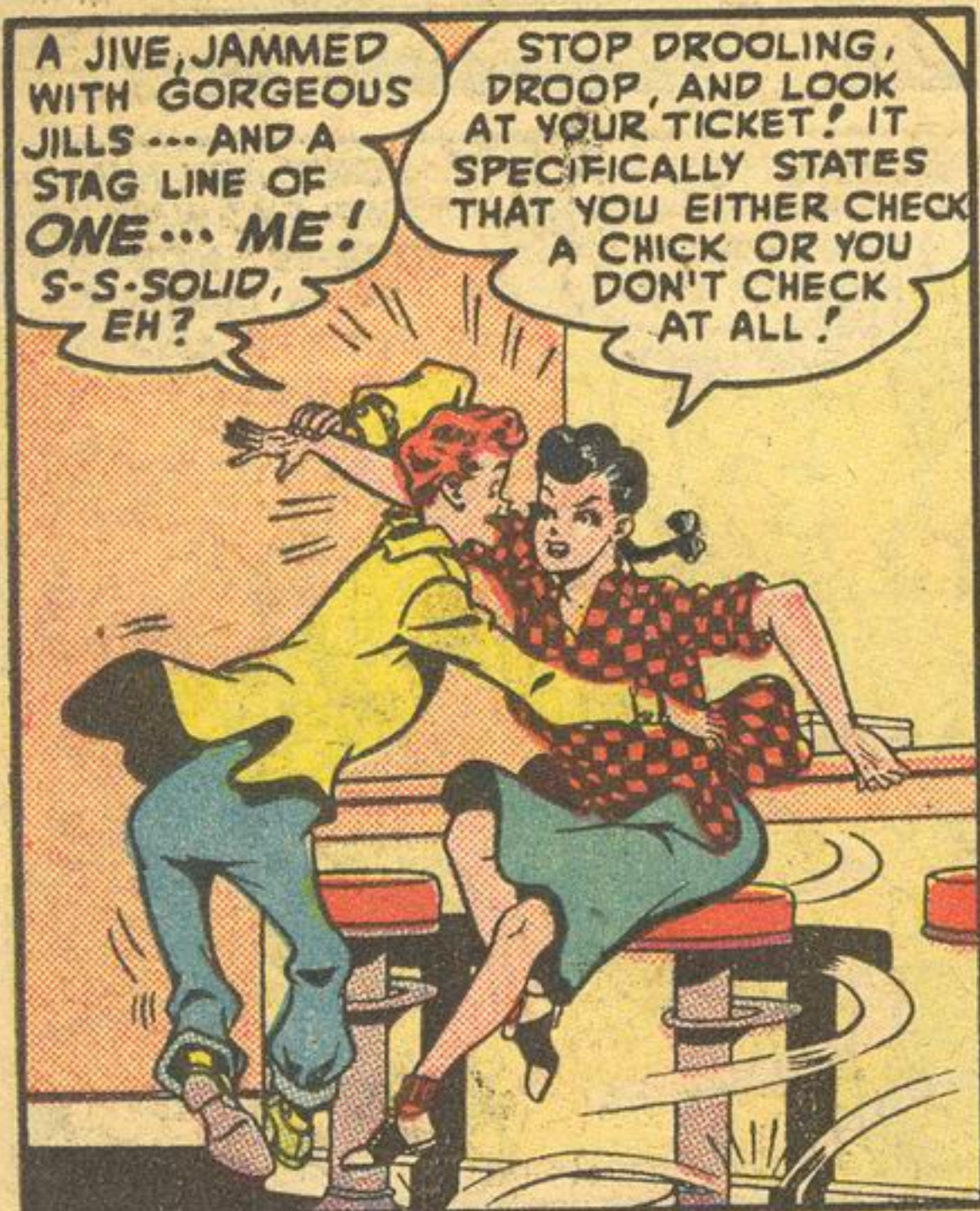
 PICK UP YOUR EYEBALLS, BUGS, AND USE YOUR 20-20 VISION ON A MOB OF SLICK CHICKS!

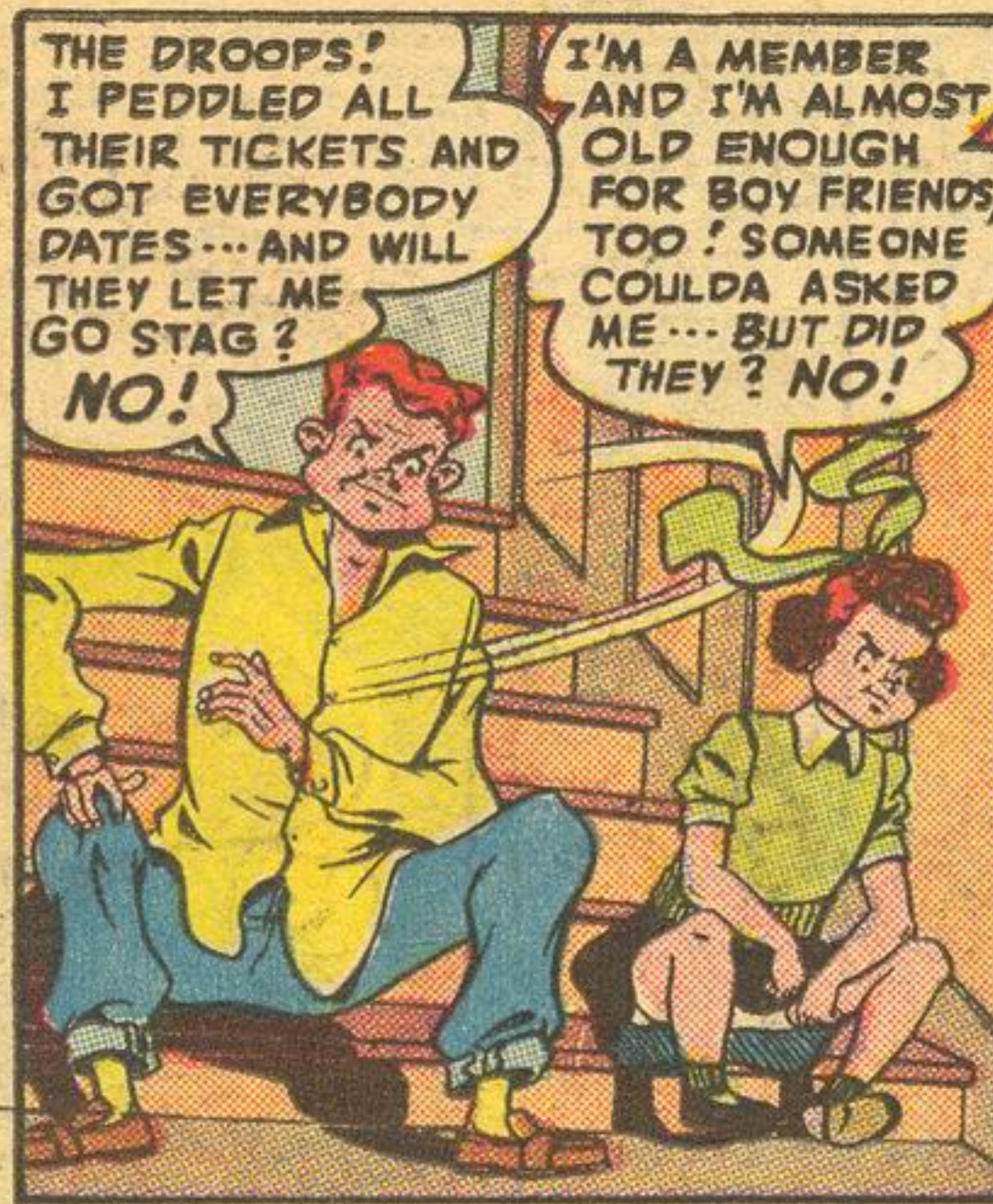
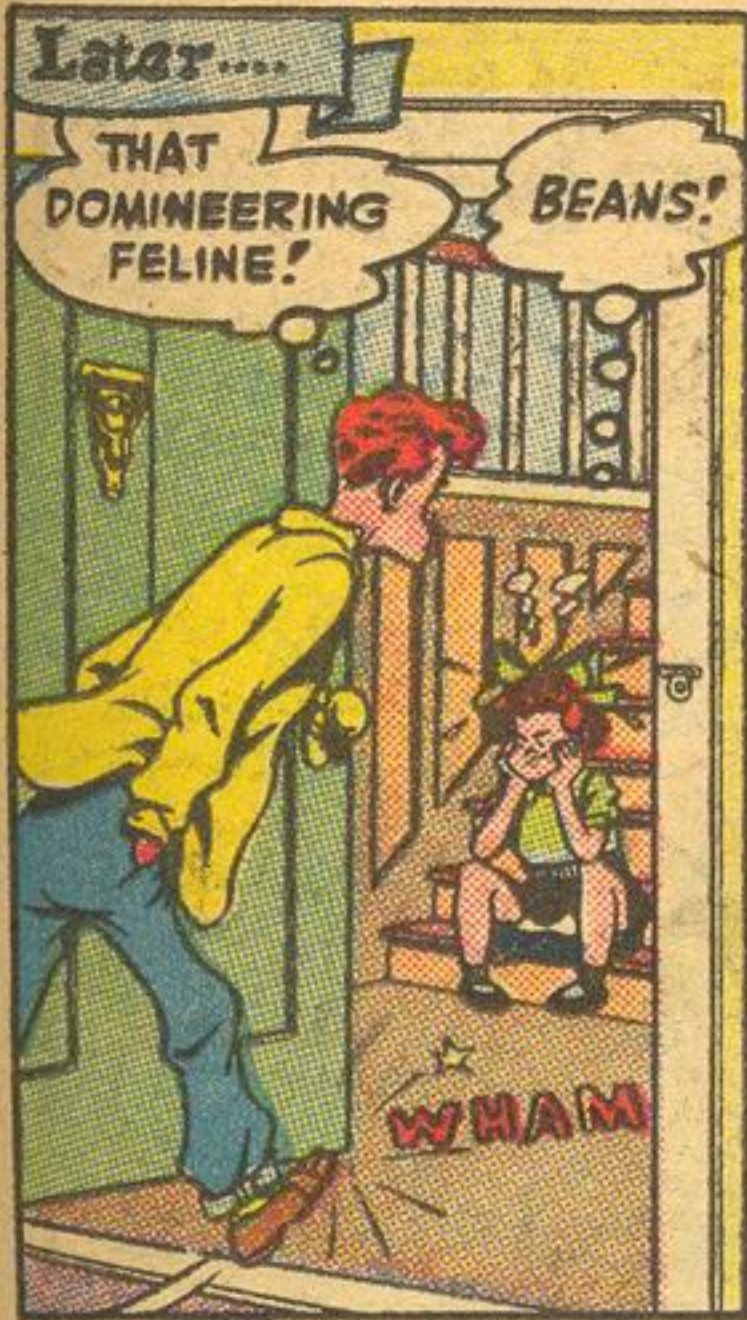




CANDY







CANDY



Candy and the Camera

CANDY

TED DAWSON scanned the school's paper, *The Campus Cat*, scratched his head and read over the rules again.

Hartwick High School Fifth Annual Contest:

Girls, Personality-plus. . .

Ted studied that one. There could be only one winner in that group—Candy O'Connor. Candy just had to win!

As if, Ted mused, there was any chance that she wouldn't! But then. . .

Yes, there was Cornelia Clyde, a definite threat. Cornelia had class; and she was a rather nasty sort, too. But she carried herself; the fellows liked her. After all, the fellows were the judges.

And there was Helen Montague, the rich girl from Delaware. Boy, she was a wow! Class with a capital C. But not so much oomph, Ted amended. No, Helen didn't worry him. Neither did Trish—she was too interested in her studies.

Ted's mind shuttled back to Cornelia Clyde. Cornelia had a catty streak but she was a big hit with 'most everyone—the boys anyway.

"She's hateful," many of the girls said of her. "Just mean and catty."

But Ted knew all about girls' private opinions of other girls. Usually they were jealous because of some attainment they didn't have.

"But heck," he said to himself, "I'm not worrying about the gals. It's the fellows I got to fear in this contest."

How many of them could he count on, those who would act as judges? He hardly knew. Running over their names he decided it was a pretty impartial panel, as many for one side as for the other.

But Ted was worried.

"Oh, Candy, I'm so thrilled for you!" said Candy's girl gang. "You'll win hands down!"

"You really think so?" Candy didn't seem too interested. "I don't think I have a chance."

"Cornelia, dear, what a landslide you'll be!" gurgled Cornelia's gang. "The contest is made to order for you!"

Cornelia was languid. She yawned. "Oh, I'm not so sure, girls . . . there are others."

"What others?" demanded the girls, with a mental brushing aside of all others. "You're a cinch!"

None of the other girls at Hartwick seemed to have a look-in—regardless of what they might think.

And so there it stood, three days before the big contest! Ted was still worried.

Unless you have gone through it, you cannot know the storm and strife of such a school contest. The judges are "approached" by both factions, and "talked to." Their opinions are sought; sometimes they are openly asked just "who" they have in mind. They are not supposed to express opinions until the day of the trials. Most of them don't. But some . . .

Ted Dawson had gleaned enough of these private expressions to see his inward fear mount continually these last few days. As it stood, there were more judges "for" Cornelia than was good for Candy. And Candy *had* to win. She was Ted's girl, wasn't she?

"Candy, you can't miss," Ted told Candy almost every evening.

Candy smiled. "But Ted, I can. Cornelia is a stand-out. Far more of the boys—"

"Bosh!" said Hed. "You're a big favorite."

But Ted wasn't so sure of that statement.

Two days before the big contest the eliminations came off. The first event was swimming. Both Cornelia and Candy were experts in the water. There was a fifty-yard dash, a race three times around the pool, and a free-for-all race with several entries.

Cornelia, after bowing to Candy's supremacy in the fifty yarder, picked off the two latter easy. That put her up on the swimming.

Several contests followed. Again Cornelia pulled down more points.

It looks bad, said Ted to himself. Bad. "Swell!" said Cornelia's cohorts jubilantly. Candy's mother said "Candace! Are you

going to let Cornelia walk away with the prize?"

"Oh, not walk, mother. She'll have to *run* for some of those points. The contest isn't over yet!"

"Look, if there's any way I can help," offered Ted to Candy. He seemed helpless, forlorn.

"Poor Ted," sighed Candy. "I guess I'm letting you down. But really I'm doing my best."

Trish, Candy's steadfast girl friend who dwelt in books most of the time, expressed no worry about Candy's ultimate winning.

"It isn't over yet," she said. "Lots of things can happen in a contest—like a horserace."

"Like what?" snapped one of Cornelia's gang.

"Points aren't all tallied yet, are they?" came back Trish easily. "How about literature? Candy's no dope there."

"Meaning that Cornelia is," said a Corneliaite cattily. "Well, Shakespeare doesn't mean so much in a popularity event!"

"Maybe not, maybe not," replied Trish. "But don't put down too many doubloons on the outcome—yet!"

Everyone knew that, with Trish's help, Candy would come off with literary honors. And she did—but without Trish's assistance. Nobody knew that, however, except Trish and Candy and a few close pals.

This left only two points standing, with Cornelia in the lead.

"Gosh," sighed Ted, "the contest is almost finished . . . Candy! Candy!"

Popularity on the campus was one of the important angles of the contest. And in order to check this it was necessary to go back through past issues of the *Cat* and check the number of mentions each girl had received. So as to prevent the possibility of error, three boys on the staff did the checking. Ted was sure of the outcome: Cornelia had been "in the paper" oftener than Candy.

The score stood: sixteen for Candy; thirteen for Cornelia!

Here was something! Ted perked up. Then his happiness was dashed when two front page write-ups came to light, in which Cornelia had

been featured entirely. That offset the other score—with an extra point for Cornelia.

"Shucks," mourned Ted. "Candy's been beaten."

"Oh, well," said Candy, "why worry? I didn't think I would win anyway. Does it make so much difference?"

Ted looked stricken. "No-oo. But gee, Candy, I did so want you to win!"

Trish was visiting Candy at the time. She looked up from a book she was reading. Looked up languidly, disinterestedly.

"She hasn't lost for sure yet, Ted," she said.

Candy smiled at Trish. "There's a pal," she said.

But Ted wasn't to be convinced that easy. "Oh, you're just saying that, Trish. But you know she's lost!"

Tina, fat and good-natured, was the school photographer. Tina went about snapping shutters like a fiend, and she turned in some good shots now and then. Style shots, fashion shots . . . personality shots.

Tina told Ted, "There's one angle you've forgotten—pictures!"

"So what," said Ted, none too mannerly. "What's photos got to do with it—except that a photograph of each girl will be entered?"

Tina nodded her head. "Just that. You forget that five of the boys on the judges' panel are studying art. Art goes with photography. Those photos will be judged on their merit. The points those boys check in each photograph will be mighty important for Candy . . . of course, you wouldn't know anything about 'spirit' in a face. Real personality reveals spirit, an aura. A girl must have it to have personality."

The last event of the judging was the photographic event. . . . Two large stills Tina had made. Each was a perfect likeness of Candy and Cornelia.

The judges spent two hours comparing notes on the pictures. They were totally impartial; the artists in the group saw to that. And when the judging was finished, it was found that Candy had 'spirit' and 'personality' on five counts; while Cornelia had it on only one. Which only goes to prove that you must have something inside to win a personality plus event.

CANDY

ISN'T IT **WONDERFUL**, MR. KONRAT? A MAN CAME IN WHILE YOU WERE OUT TO LUNCH AND GAVE ME \$5.00 FOR ALL THOSE DIRTY OLD **USED** BOOKS!

YIIIIII! MY PRICELESS FIRST EDITIONS!

RARE FIRST EDITIONS



ALL RIGHT, CANDY! WE'LL HOLD THE DRESS ONE WEEK-- BUT IF YOU DON'T PAY THE BALANCE THEN, WE'LL HAVE TO PUT IT BACK ON SALE!

I'LL BE HERE, MISS TETERS! DON'T WORRY!

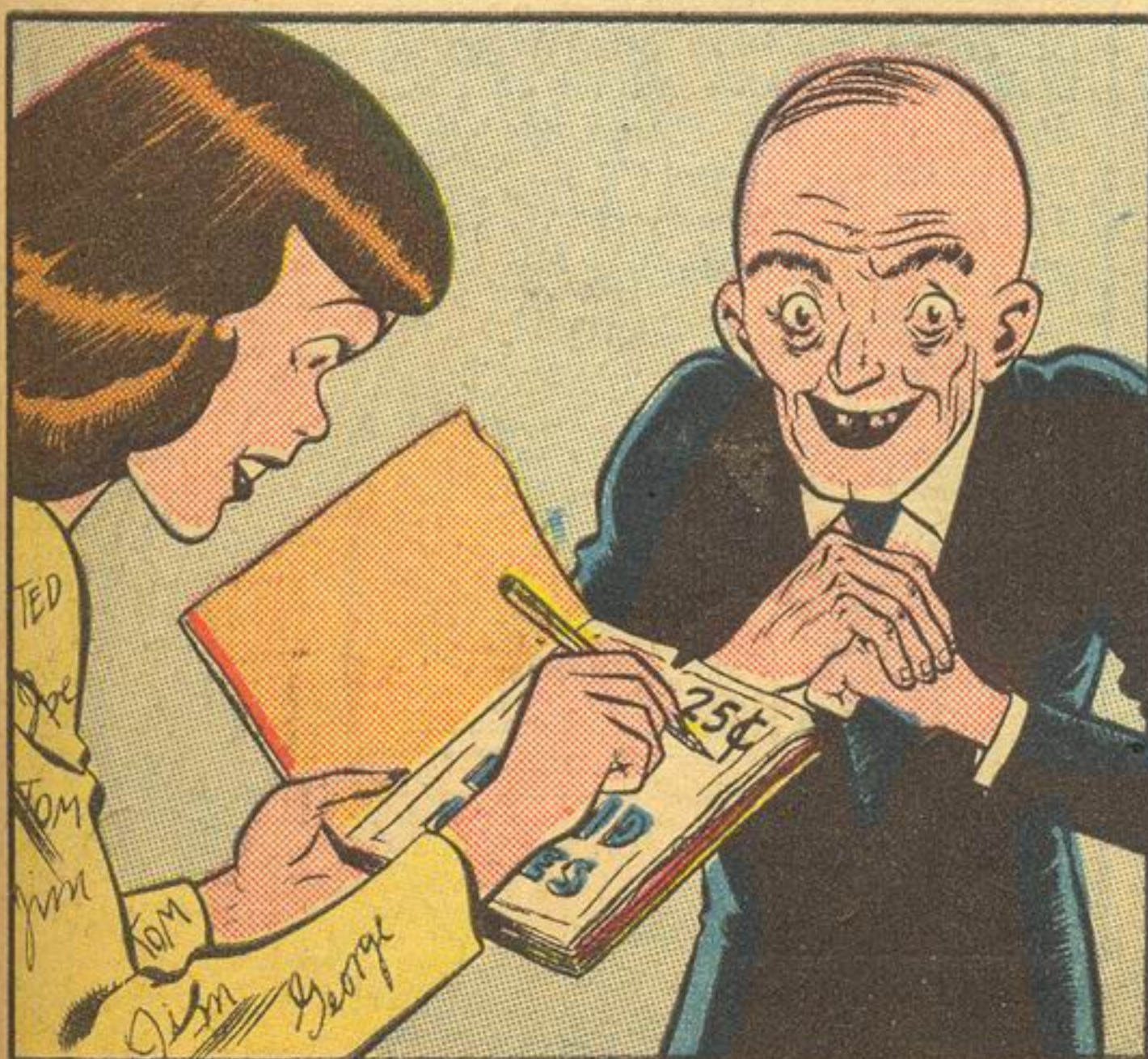
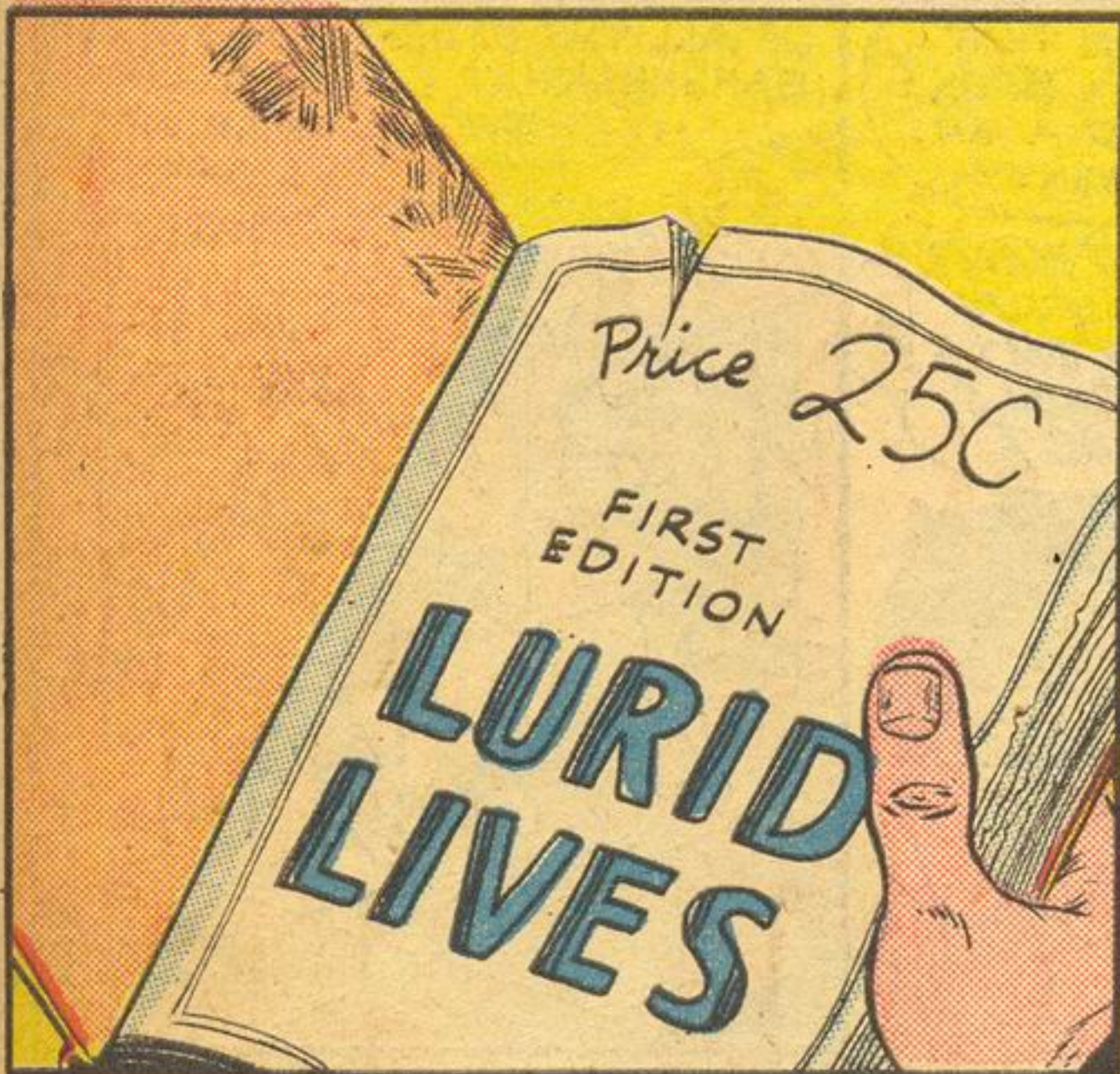
WHAT GIVES, CHICK? SINCE WHEN DID YOUR ALLOWANCE INCLUDE RITZY EVENING GOWNS?

DON'T BE JUVENILE, TED!



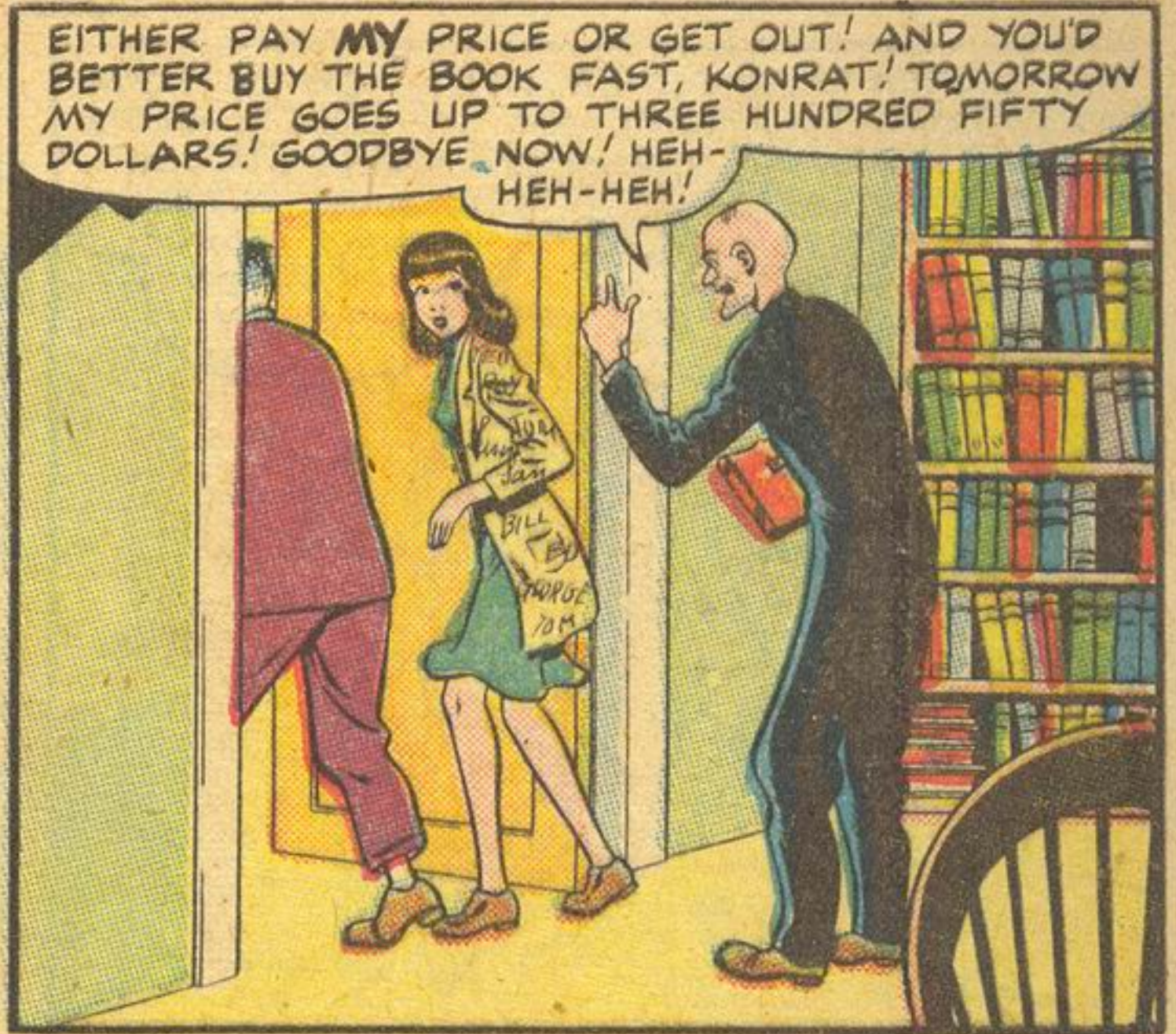
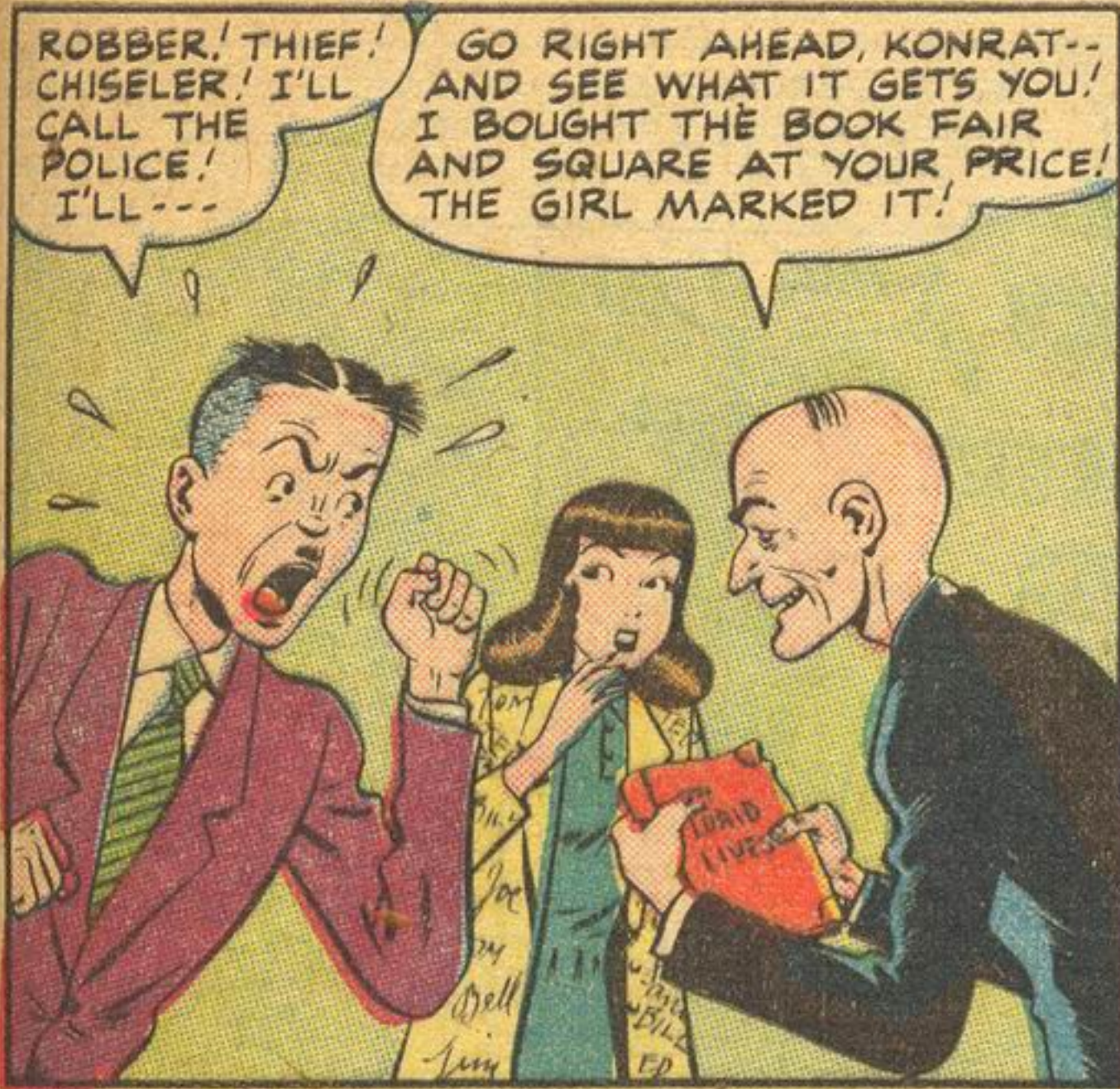
CANDY

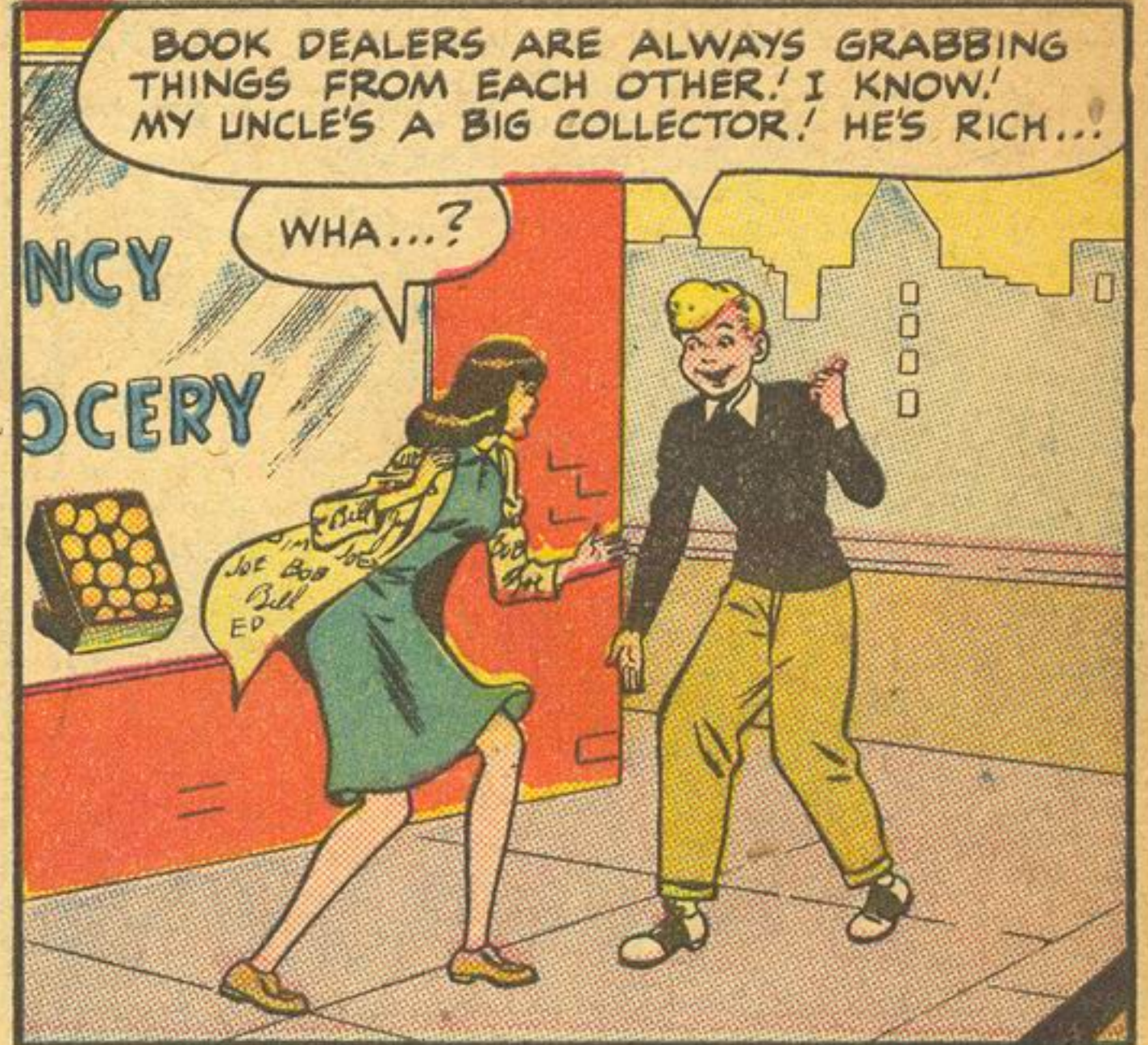
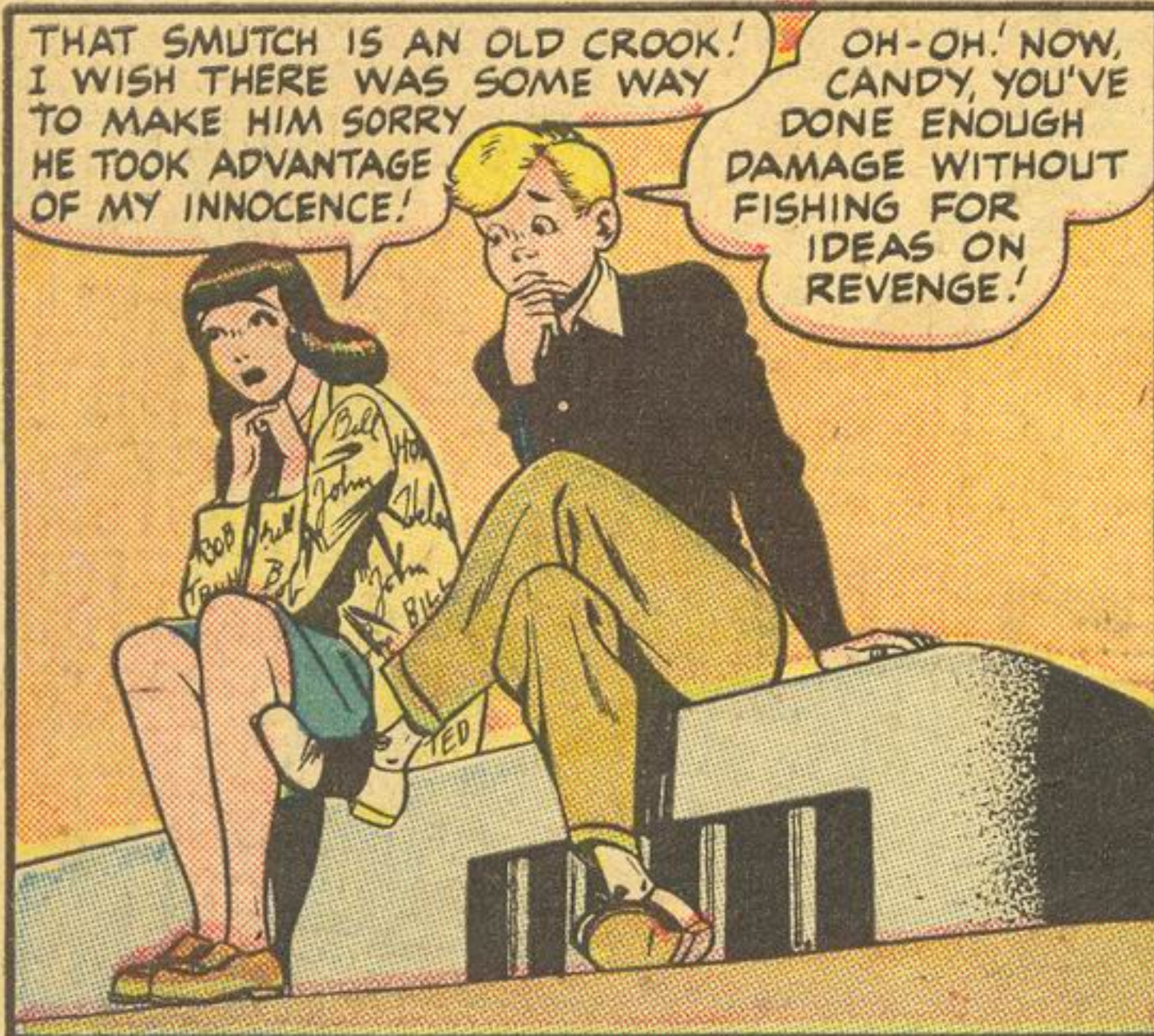


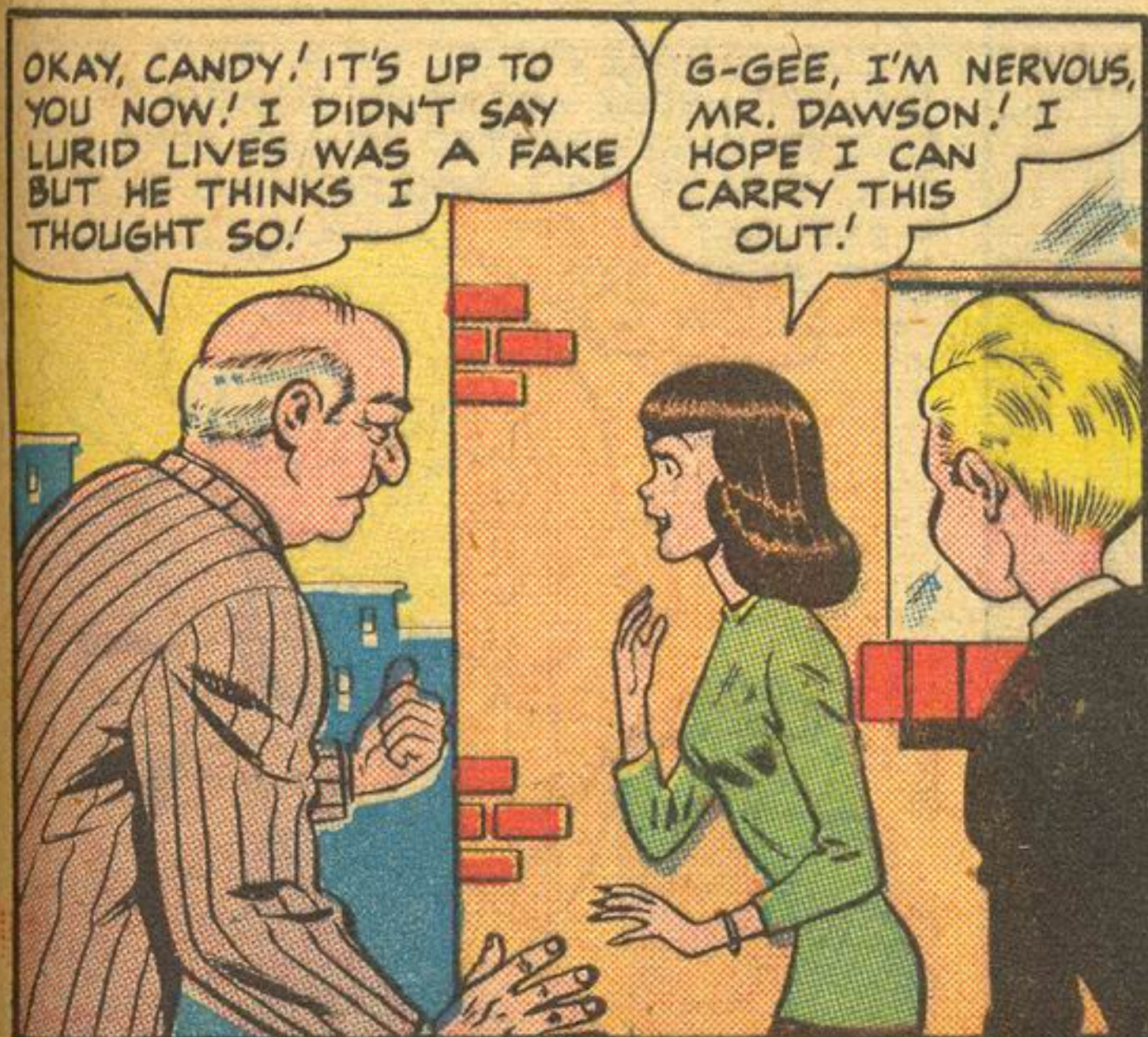
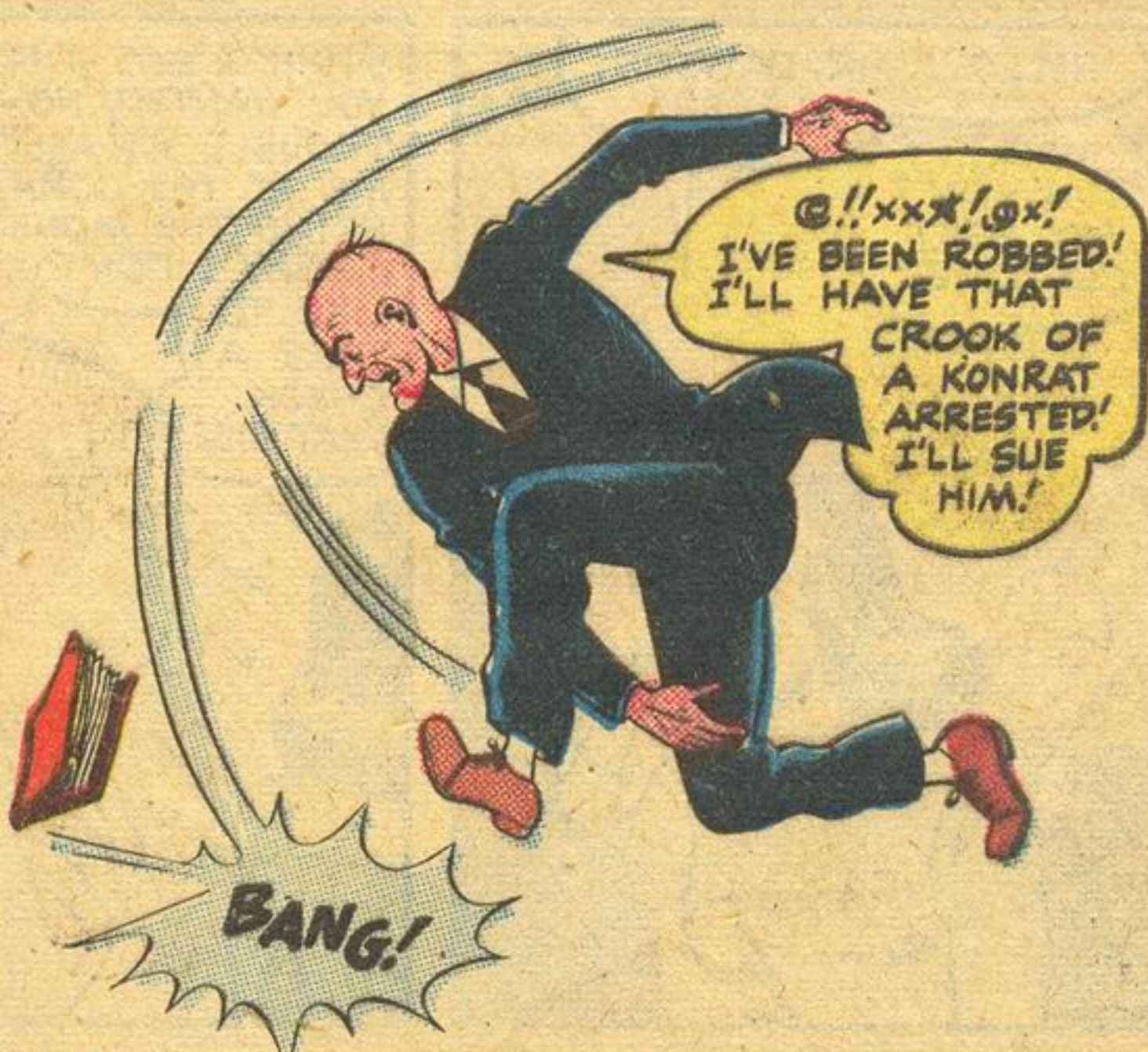


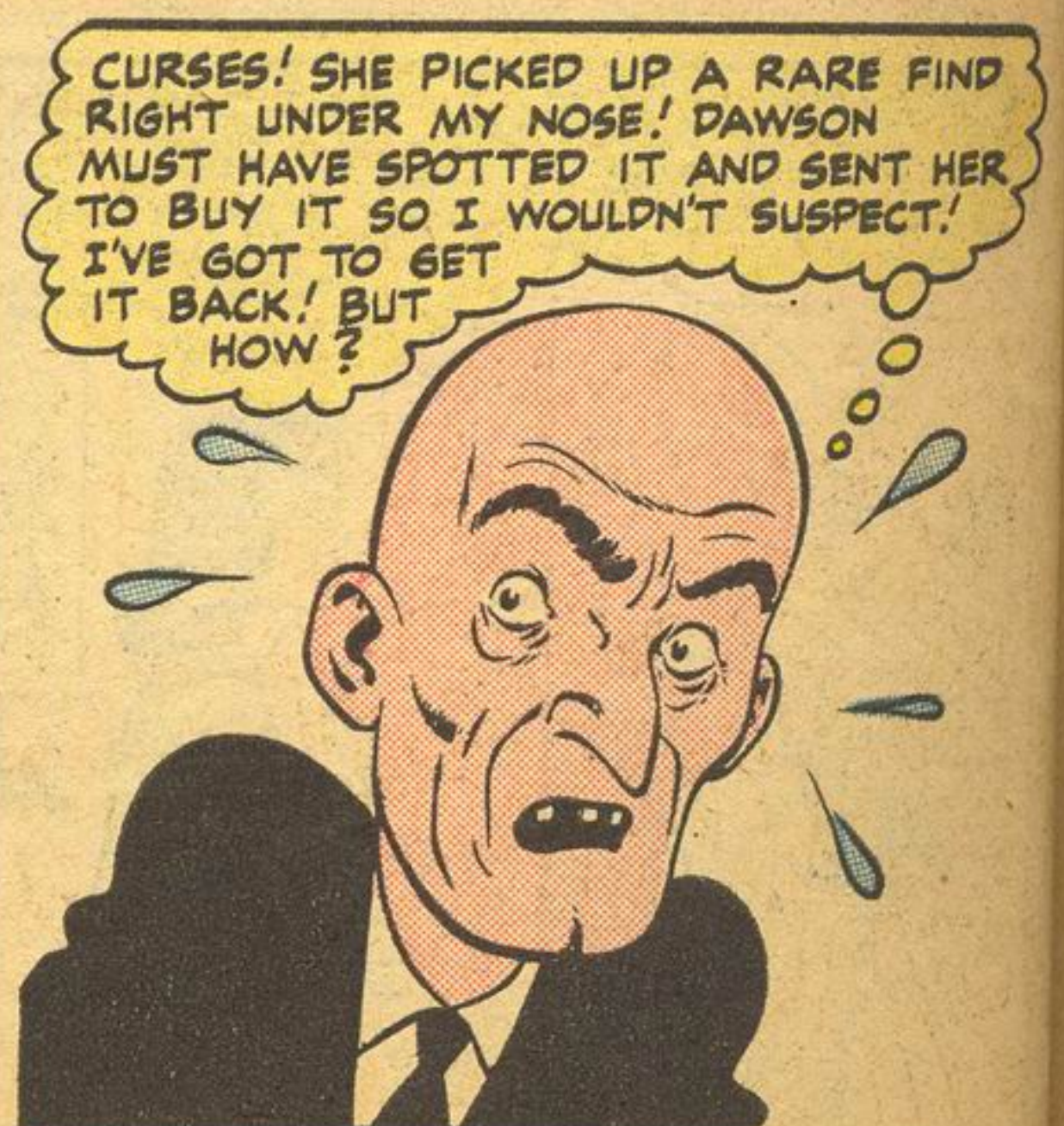
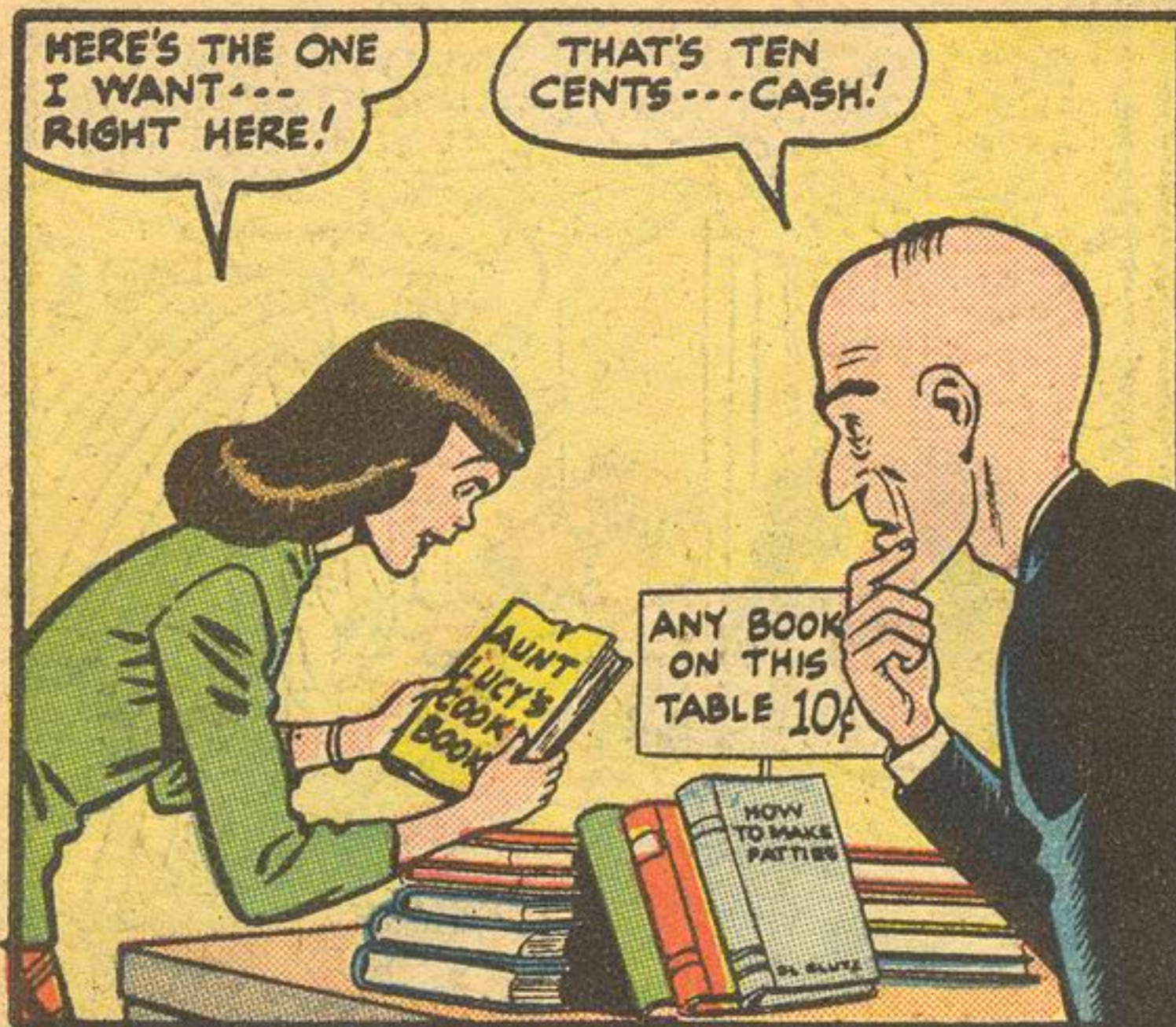
CANDY











CANDY



AH--ER--MY DEAR, I FEEL TERRIBLE ABOUT CHEATING YOU AND THAT NICE KONRAT THIS AFTERNOON! MY--UH--CONSCIENCE HAS HURT EVER SINCE!



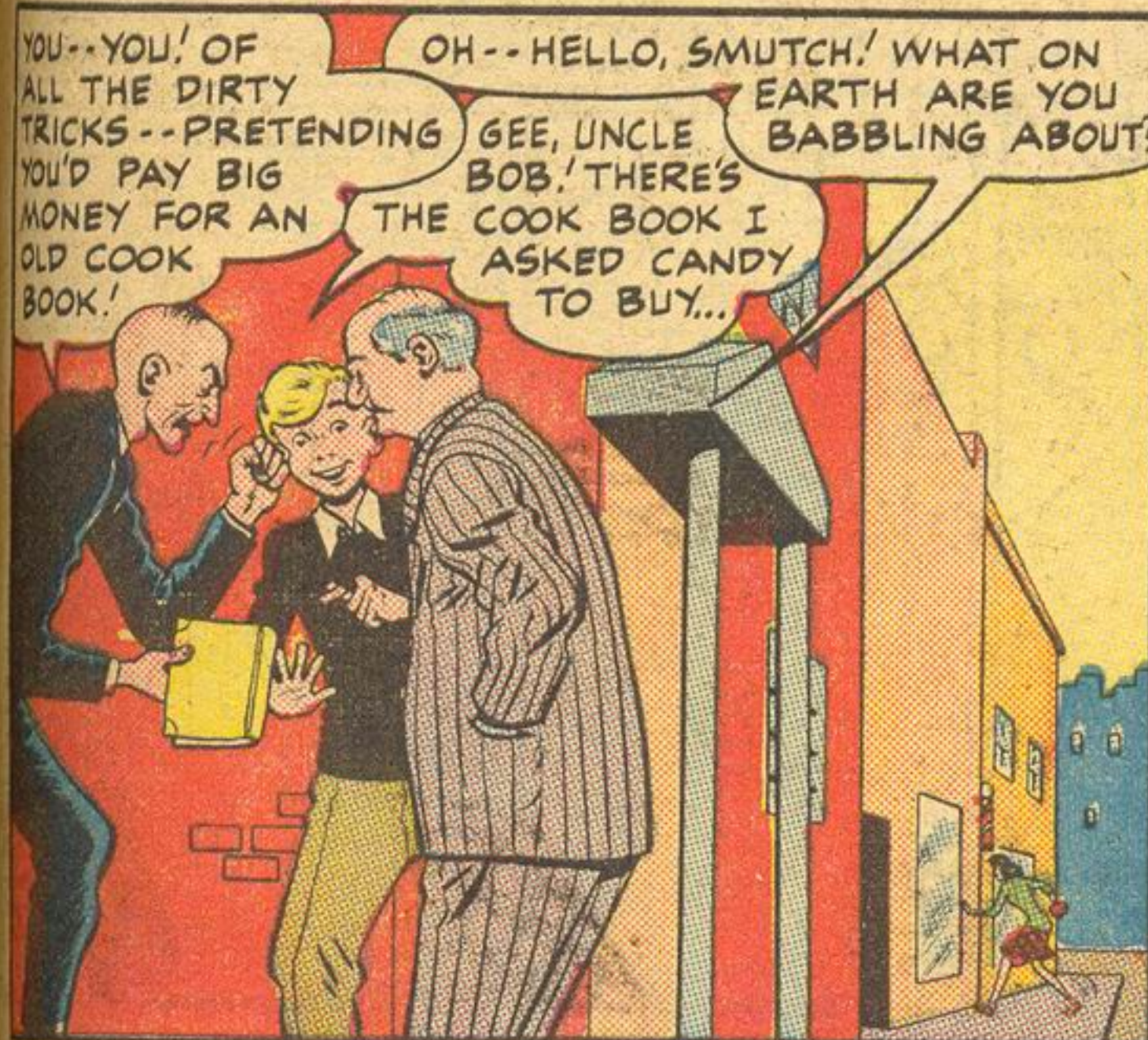
I'LL--UH--GIVE YOU THIS BOOK BACK--IN EXCHANGE FOR THAT ONE! YOU CAN RETURN IT TO KONRAT AND HE WON'T BE SORE ANY MORE!

HOW SIMPLY GROOVY! THEN I'D GET MY JOB BACK AND EARN THAT DRESS! MR. SMUTCH, YOU'RE AN OLD DARLING!



I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL MR. KONRAT!

EEEEOWKKK! I'VE BEEN GYPPE! THIS IS JUST A CHEAP COOK BOOK!! I'VE GOT A DOZEN LIKE IT IN THE BACK ROOM!



YOU--YOU! OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS--PRETENDING YOU'D PAY BIG MONEY FOR AN OLD COOK BOOK!

OH--HELLO, SMUTCH! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?

GEE, UNCLE BOB! THERE'S THE COOK BOOK I ASKED CANDY TO BUY...



B-BUT SHE CALLED MR. DAWSON--- AND YOU SAID MY LURID LIVES WAS A FAKE!

YOU JUMPED AT CONCLUSIONS, SMUTCH! MY NEPHEW'S NAME IS DAWSON, TOO! AND AS FOR LURID LIVES--- I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A FAKE!



I SAID I WOULDN'T GIVE A DIME FOR IT--- AND I WOULDN'T! I ALREADY HAVE A COPY!

PLOP!



Later...

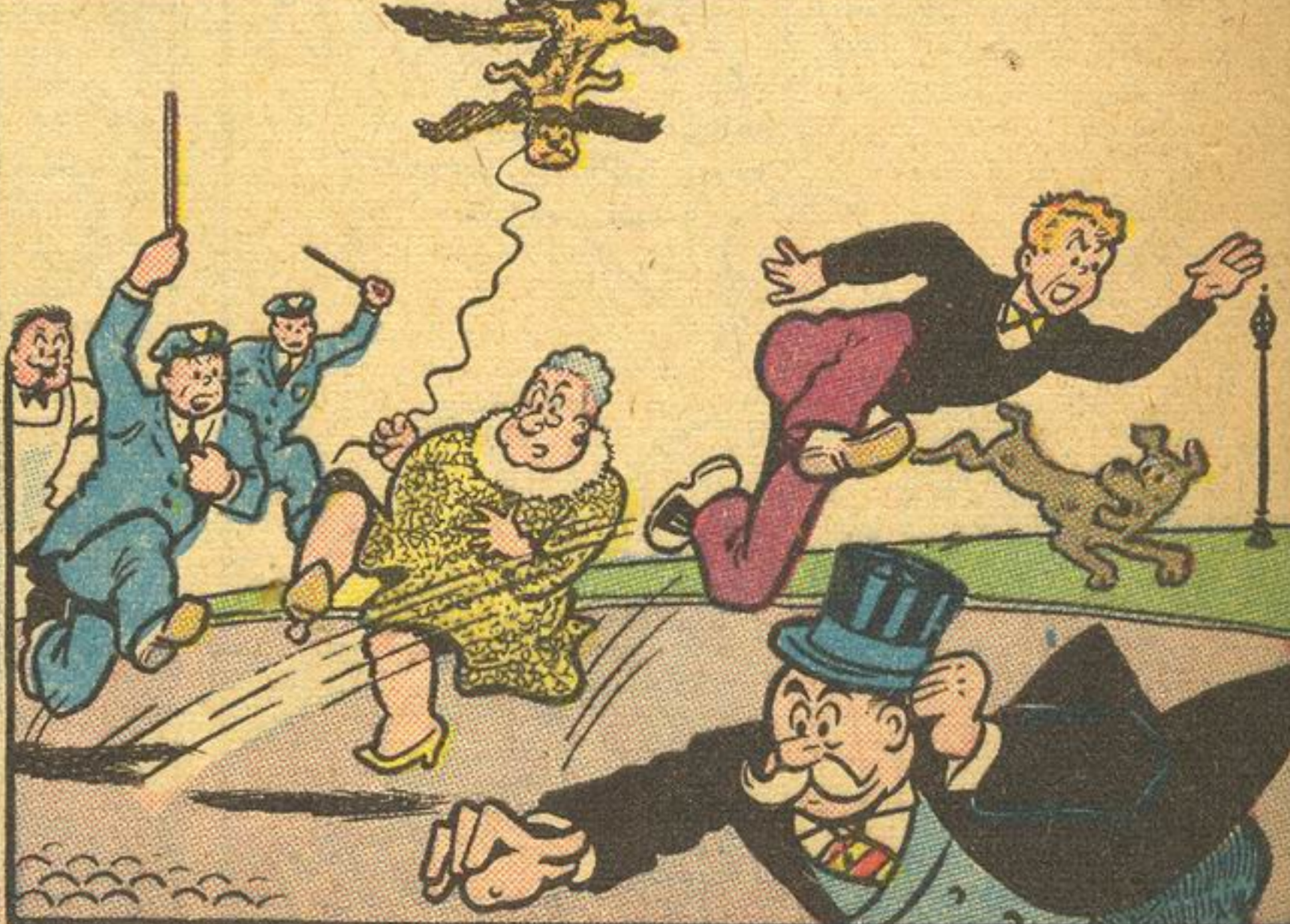
I SEE YOU GOT THE NEW DRESS AFTER ALL, CANDY! KONRAT MUST HAVE BEEN TICKLED TO GET HIS BOOK BACK!

JUNIOR PROM

HE WAS! HE BOUGHT ME THIS DRESS--ON CONDITION THAT I WOULDN'T TAKE ANOTHER JOB IN THE BOOK BUSINESS--EVER!

CANDY

JONESY



**BOYS!
GIRLS!**

**Make Your Own Models OF
DOGS, SOLDIERS—ANYTHING—
THIS EASY NEW WAY!**

HOW DID YOU
GET SO MANY
SUPER INDIAN
MODELS?

SIMPLE! RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS
SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE
MODELING KIT WITH
EVERYTHING IN IT
I NEEDED, SO....

.... I JUST PAINT THE
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS
EASY!

YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT
DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?

JUST POUR MODELING
POWDER INTO IT. THEN
WHEN IT DRIES, I
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?

YUP - JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS
ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN
REPRODUCE ANYTHING
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-
DER ME A KIT TODAY!

**NOW! NEW MOLD-ART KIT CONTAINS EVERYTHING YOU
NEED—FUN TO DO—EARN MONEY AT THE SAME
TIME . . . NO ART SKILL NEEDED**

Here's more fun and excitement than you've ever known before! This amazing Rubber-For-Molds complete Mold-Art Modeling Kit contains everything you need to reproduce statuettes, plaques or any other models quickly, easily and at a sensational low cost. Just coat any subject with the liquid rubber in the kit, allow it to dry, strip it off . . . and you have a mold that can be used to make hundreds of castings like original subject. Kit includes Indian warrior model to start you off. New improved illustrated, easy-to-follow book of instructions (50¢ value) makes it simple to make your own models. Start new fascinating hobby—even make it profitable! Order your introductory trial kit today.

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You Need! Famous Indian
warrior model in bright
colors; generous supply of
finest liquid rubber; mold-
ing powder; base on which
to mount subject; shellac
for fastening to base;
brush for spreading rubber;
extra brush; sandpaper;
talcum for dusting; talcum
pad; spatula; palette of
colors to paint models.

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6044 Avondale, Chicago 31, Illinois

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Modeling Kit, including 50¢ Instruction Book, for which
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I am not satisfied and you will refund my \$1.49.

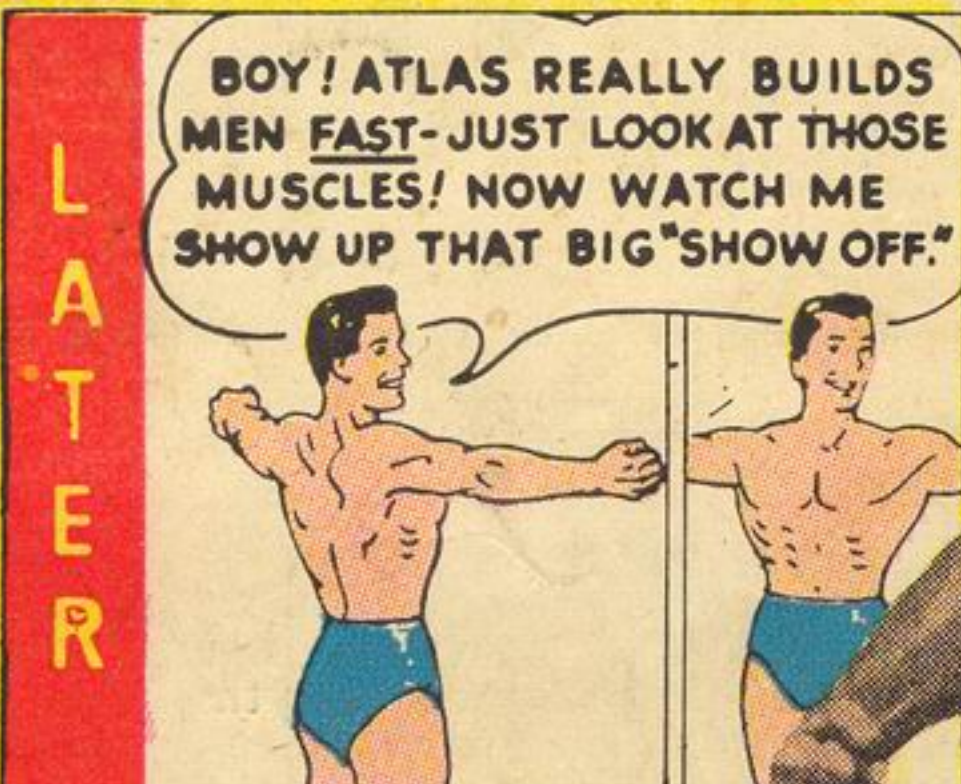
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RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 53L, 6044 N. Avondale, Chicago 31, Ill.

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peppy, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD! Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

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I sing "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle. Increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

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Charles Atlas

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